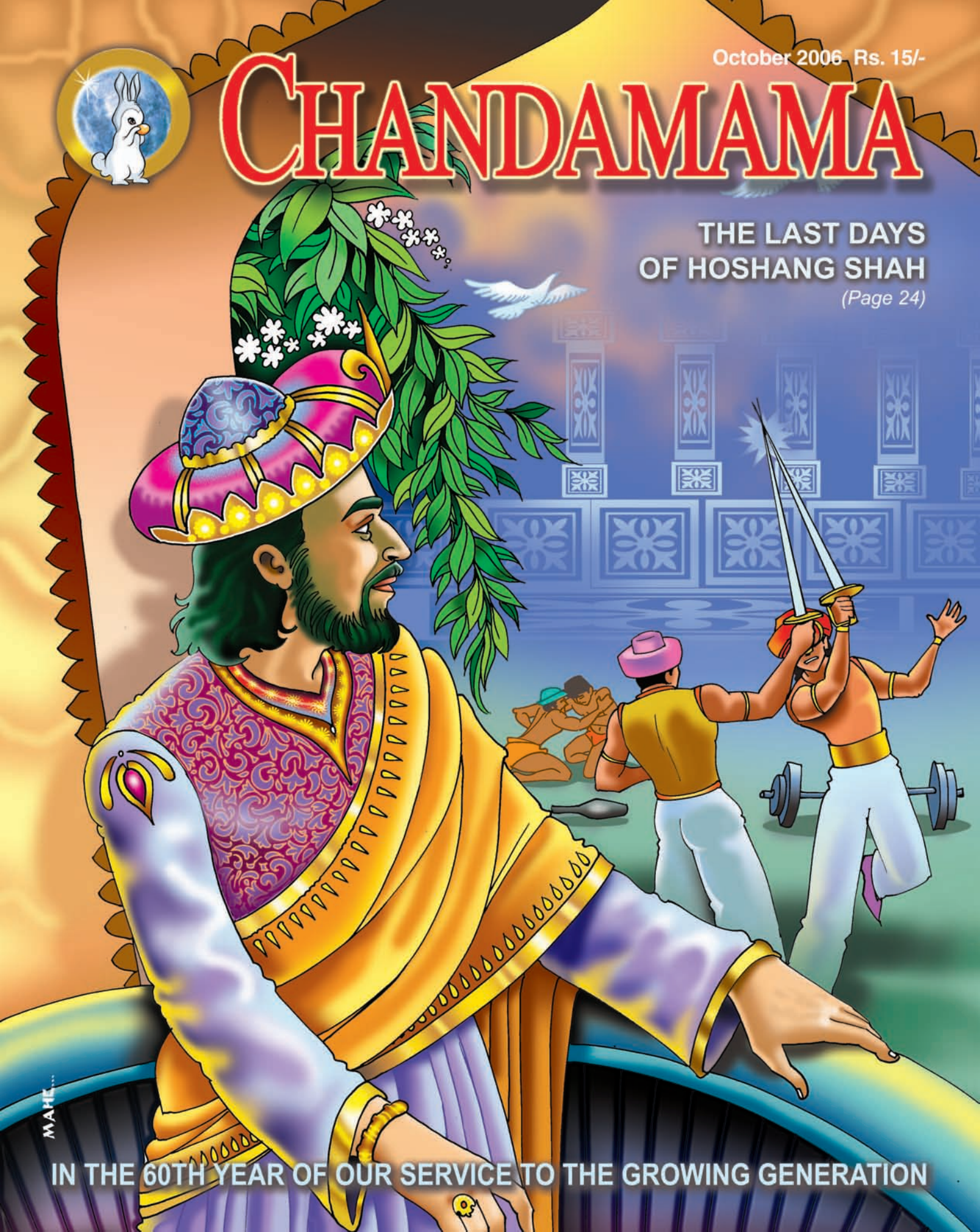


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CHANDAMAMA

THE LAST DAYS
OF HOSHANG SHAH
(Page 24)



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- The state of Michigan in the USA has its own state bird. Which is it?
- Who qualifies to become the Prime Minister of India?
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IN THIS MAGAZINE PLEASE CONTACT :**

CHENNAI : SHIVAJI

Ph: 044-2231 3637 / 2234 7399

Mobile : 98412-77347

email : advertisements@chandamama.org

DELHI : OBEROI MEDIA SERVICES

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Mobile : 98100 -72961, email :

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WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

The pithy saying above is more relevant these days when food, among many other items, is wasted for several reasons. As World Food Day is being observed on October 16, we wonder at the anomaly: when there is no scarcity of food as such, people in several areas around the world are seen dying for want of food. One cause for concern is wastage of food. When food is wasted, it tantamounts to denying it to those who deserve it. It may not be far from truth if we say, some fifty per cent of the food that is wasted comes from the plates of children. The blame has to sit squarely on their parents.

Why do children waste food? Either they do not like the food that is given to them, or they do not relish it, as the way it is prepared is not tasty to them. Children, early in life, develop likes and dislikes in the matter of not only food, but toys and games, people around them, places they are taken to, choice of reading material—to mention only a few. And they are inclined to stick to their views for several years.

It cannot be difficult for parents to choose (and prepare) food that children like, at the same time ensuring that they give them only healthy food when they are young and growing. Unfortunately, children are carried away by propaganda through the print medium or TV about what is generally called 'junk food'—both eats and drinks—which not only affects their health, but costs much more than the cost of clean, healthy home-made food.

There is this famous anecdote about Mother Teresa, who put her hosts to shame when she began collecting the food lying waste on the tables after a banquet in her honour. She told them with emotion: "There are people under my care who haven't seen such food in their life. I don't want it to go waste." Watch your children when you narrate this story to them. If they take a vow not to waste food, it will be their tribute to that noble lady. It will also indicate that the young ones have a heart for the 'have-nots'.

A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.
A little sincerity is a dangerous thing and a great deal of it is absolutely fatal.

- **Oscar Wilde**

Man, as he is, is not a genuine article. He is an imitation
of something, and a very bad imitation.

- **P. D. Ouspensky**

I have found that people are usually much more moved
by economics than by morals.

- **Norah Phillips**

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**P.B.Mohan writes
from T.Nagar, Chennai:**

I have been a fan of *Chandamama* for the last 35 years. I am desperate to get hold of old issues. I read somewhere that the old issues are being digitalised. I would like to buy the digitalised versions.

The digitisation work is on. It may take another three to four months before the digitised versions are ready for sale. -Editor

**By e-mail from
Keshav Ramaswamy:**

I love *Chandamama*. The Akbar-Birbal and Ruskin Bond stories are very attractive. Would you introduce a section for sports?

We had covered the World Cup Football and the recent Asian Games. You may see a page or two in the October issue for recent records/achievements on the sports field. -Editor

**Reader V.Naveen of
Khammam writes:**

I am glad that I gained more knowledge after reading your April issue. Now I wish to become a regular subscriber.

**This came from
A.V.Sankhe, DSP, Mumbai:**

I have been reading *Chandamama* when the price was only 60 naya paise and also when the cover price was raised to Rs.15. My children now read it with great zeal. Probably this is the only children's magazine that has crossed the borders of India. The variety of articles help improve English as well as vocabulary.

MAIL BAG



**Reader Kh.Priyalanmi (12) of Imphal,
Manipur, writes:**

I am a new reader of *Chandamama*. The magazine is very interesting for the younger generation. I like almost all the stories and they are full of morals. In a recent issue, the story "The Three Friends" was quite interesting.

**This came from Y.Monika (13),
Uppal, Hyderabad:**

I am a reader of *Chandamama* for the last two years. The magazine allows readers to express their views. I have a suggestion: Please give some information about Harry Potter books. Also, please introduce a page for Pen-friends.

Other than re-telling the stories, we have every now and then given "news" about the books or the author, who recently found herself in a dilemma when she could not get even scraps of paper for writing. And she does not use a PC! -Editor



**NEW TALES
OF KING
VIKRAM AND
THE VETALA**

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW

The cremation ground presented an eerie spectacle on that dark night. The moon was hidden behind the clouds, and it was drizzling intermittently. The pitch darkness was relieved only by occasional flashes of lightning that lit up the sombre scene, causing an eerie dance of jerky shadows in the cremation ground.

Occasionally, a jackal's spine-chilling howl or the blood-curdling laughter of some invisible evil spirit cut into the silence that hung like a shroud over the area. Altogether, it was a scene that would strike terror into the bravest heart. But nothing could daunt the intrepid King Vikram. Once again, he made his way to the gnarled tree from which the ancient corpse was hanging. Bones crunched under his feet, and a screeching ghost rose from the dust in shuddering frenzy as he marched determinedly ahead.

Oblivious to everything but the mission at hand, he brought the hanging corpse down by cutting the rope with his sword. Slinging it astride his shoulder, he had just begun his return journey when the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, I've been watching you persevere at this difficult task for long. But you ought to know that hard work and perseverance alone do not always fetch results. To succeed, you should also have the gift of eloquence. To illustrate this, let me tell you the story of a certain king and his three daughters-in-law. Listen to it and judge for yourself!"

The tale narrated by the vampire went as follows:

King Virendra of Mahendrapuri was a virtuous and able ruler. But despite having been married for many years, he and his queen had no children. This was something that saddened and worried them very much. What would happen to the kingdom after their lifetime?



Over the years, the royal couple had consulted numerous physicians and worshipped at various temples, praying for a child. But nothing had come of it.

One day, the king received reports of a man-eating leopard that was terrorising the villages on the northern boundary of his kingdom. This region bordered a dense forest. Apparently, the leopard had strayed out and was wreaking havoc in the villages. Many villagers as well as domestic animals had fallen victim to its claws. The people of the region now sent a delegation to the king, requesting him to visit the region and put an end to the menace.

The next day, a big hunting party led by the king, set out for the northern province. They reached the village where the leopard had been last sighted. After tying a buffalo calf to a stake as bait, they lay in wait for the man-eater. They did not have to wait for long. As the leopard prepared to pounce on the calf, the king sent a well-aimed arrow that struck the leopard in the neck. Mortally wounded, it collapsed to the ground.

Lo and behold! The bloody carcass vanished, and in its place was a luminous figure. As the king stood

bewildered, the figure greeted him with folded hands and said, “Thank you, your majesty! I’m actually a *gundharva* named Chandrasena, who had to take a leopard’s form due to a sage’s curse. Now you have liberated me from the curse. I’m indebted to you. I would like to grant you a boon. Tell me, what do you want?”

The king bowed to the *gundharva* and said, “My only sorrow is that I’m childless. If you can, please bless me with an offspring.”

The *gundharva* smiled. Pointing to a mango tree that stood a few feet away, he asked the king to close his eyes and send an arrow towards it. The king did so.

The whiz of the arrow was followed by the thud of something falling. The king opened his eyes and saw a stalk, bearing three large mangoes, lying on the ground.

The *gundharva* picked up the fruit-laden stalk, murmured an incantation over it and gave it to the king. “Ask your queen to eat these mangoes. Soon, your desire would be fulfilled.”

The ecstatic king rushed back to his palace and did as directed. The queen was only too happy to eat the mangoes.

To his great joy, the king soon learnt that he was to become a father. Less than a year after the incident, the queen gave birth to three healthy boys! The entire kingdom rejoiced at the royal couple’s good fortune.

The three princes were named Jay, Vijay, and Ajay. As they grew up, they were the apple of their parents’ eyes. Great care was lavished on them. The best of tutors were appointed to train them in the arts and the scriptures as well as the sciences of administration and warfare.

The princes grew up to be intelligent, courageous, and robust young men. It was now time to get them married, and the king and queen started searching for suitable brides for them. Marriage proposals poured in; eventually, three princesses – Mallika, Bela, and Champa – were chosen. The three weddings – those of Jay with Mallika, Vijay with Bela, and Ajay with Champa – were performed with great pomp and show.

As time passed, it became evident that the king could not carry on his royal duties much longer. The royal physician confirmed that the king’s days were numbered.

He was now confronted with a most tricky problem – that of choosing his successor. All his three sons had proved themselves good warriors and intelligent statesmen. They were all equally learned, equally wise and equally valiant. After pondering this question for long, the king was unable to find an answer. Eventually, he decided to entrust the job of choosing his successor to his prime minister, Chandrasekhar.

The minister conducted tests for the three princes in various fields. All the three performed uniformly well in all the tests. Finally, he met the king and reported, “Your majesty, all the three princes would make worthy rulers. So, if you were to choose one from among them as your heir, it would be unfair to the other two!”

“Oh my God! You’ve only complicated the issue still further!” lamented the king. “What do we do now?”

“There is still one option left, your majesty,” said the minister thoughtfully. “If you permit, I would like to meet their wives in turn and ask a question. Their answers would be helpful to the process of selection.”

The king wearily answered, “You’ve full freedom to do whatever you like. Only, make sure you find my

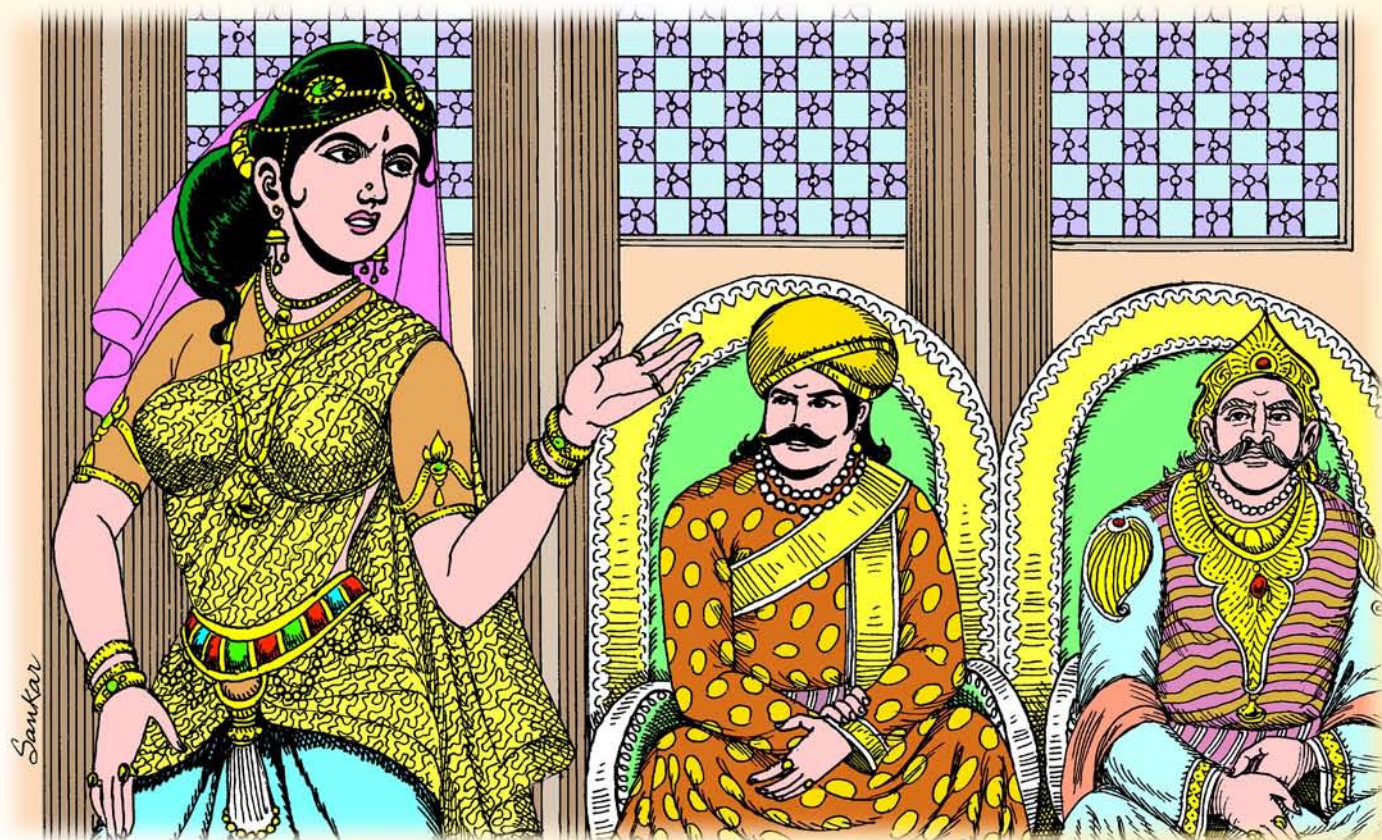
successor quickly; I wish to be relieved of the cares of administration at the earliest.”

At the minister’s request, the king sent for Princess Mallika. As she entered the room where her father-in-law sat with the minister, she greeted them politely. The minister returned the greeting and asked: “I would like to ask you just one question. What would you do if your husband were not chosen as the next king?”

From the play of expressions on her face, it was clear that the princess was struggling to master her emotions. At last, she answered in a sad but calm voice, “I would console myself with the thought that perhaps, it wasn’t in my husband’s destiny to become a king.”

The minister thanked her and sent her away. Next, Princess Bela was called in. The minister asked her the same question and waited for her response. Her face fell; in a dejected tone, she answered, “What can I do? I would be pained to think that God didn’t answer my prayers. I would then analyse whether there is something lacking in my worship.”

Next, Princess Champa was summoned. The minister now posed the same question to her. Anger flashed in



the princess's eyes, and she demanded, "How could such a doubt ever occur to the Prime Minister? There's no question of my husband *not* being crowned the king. He is valiant, strong, and energetic. I'm confident that as long as he sets his mind to achieve something, he'll never encounter failure of any kind!"

After the princess had left the room, the Prime Minister turned to the king and said, "Your majesty, my mind is made up. You may crown Prince Ajay as your successor!"

Concluding the story at this point, the vampire demanded, "O king, wasn't Chandrasekhar's selection procedure an absurd one? How can one find out the husband's calibre by testing his wife? Moreover, while the first two princesses were modest and god-fearing, as shown by their replies, the third behaved in a haughty and arrogant manner. Perhaps the minister's decision was motivated by fear after seeing the vehemence of her reaction. He might have thought that if Ajay were not given the throne, his wife might incite him to start a revolt and seize power. Thus, he must have acted as he did, fearing a civil war and bloodshed. There could be no other rationale for his decision, which shows neither wisdom nor justice! What do you say? Speak out if you know the answer – otherwise, your head shall shatter into smithereens!"

Without hesitation, King Vikram answered, "Both the king and the minister knew that all the three princes were equally suited to become the next king. Evidently

there was no enmity or rivalry between them, as none of them showed any greed for power. The minister's question to the princesses was intended not as a test of their husbands' calibre, but as a test of *their* character. It's a known fact that a wife plays a key role in her husband's success in life; thus, the minister wanted to find out how each one would influence her husband, should he become the next ruler. From the answers given by the three women, he found that Mallika was a fatalist, who would accept whatever happened as destiny without fighting against it, while Bela, a pious woman, took everything as God's will. Evidently, both of them preferred to flow with the tide rather than fight it. But Ajay's wife, Champa, was of a different nature. She was a self-confident woman who was proud of her talented husband and had full confidence in his ability to triumph over all adversities. Her reaction to the minister's test cannot be seen as arrogance; it was merely the forthright gesture of a confident woman. Such a woman would certainly inspire her husband to succeed in the work whatever he undertook. This was why Chandrasekhar chose Ajay as the king's successor. His verdict was both wise and just."

On hearing this, the vampire went into peal after peal of thunderous laughter. The next moment, he, along with the corpse, moved off the king's shoulder with a jerk and flew back to the tree. King Vikram gave a little sigh as he gazed upon the scene. Then, he squared his shoulders and retraced his steps towards the tree.





From the
pen of
**RUSKIN
BOND**

THE GLACIER AT LAST!

It was a fine sunny morning when we set out to cover the last seven miles to the glacier. We had expected this to be a stiff climb. The last dak bungalow was situated at over 10,000ft above sea level, and the ascent was to be fairly gradual.

Then suddenly, abruptly, there were no more trees. As the bungalow where we had stayed dropped out of sight, the trees and bushes gave way to short grass and little blue and pink alpine flowers. The snow peaks were close now, ringing us in on every side. We passed waterfalls, cascading hundreds of feet down precipitous rock faces, thundering into the little river. A great golden eagle hovered over us for some time.

"I feel different again," said Kamal.

"We're very high now," I said. "I hope we won't get headaches."

"I've got one already," complained Anil. "Let's have some tea."

We had left our cooking utensils at the bungalow, expecting to return there for the night, and had brought with us only a few biscuits, chocolate, and a thermos of tea. We finished the tea, and Bisnu scrambled about on the grassy slopes, collecting wild strawberries. They were tiny strawberries, very sweet, and they did nothing to satisfy our appetite. There was no sign of any habitation or human life. The only creatures to be found at that height were the gimals—sure-footed mountain goats—and an occasional snow leopard, or a bear.

We found and explored a small cave and then, turning a bend, came unexpectedly upon the glacier.

The hill fell away and there, confronting us, was a great white field of snow and ice, cradled between two peaks that could only have been the abode of gods. We were speechless for several minutes. Kamal took my hand and held on to it for reassurance; perhaps he was not sure that what he saw was real. Anil's mouth hung

open. Bisnu's eyes glittered with excitement.

We proceeded cautiously on the snow, supporting each other on the slippery surface, but we could not go far, because we were quite ill-equipped for any high-altitude climbing. It was pleasant to feel that we were the only boys in our town who had climbed so high. A few black rocks jutted out from the snow, and we sat down on them to feast our eyes on the view. The sun reflected sharply from the snow and we felt surprisingly warm.





"Let's sunbathe!" said Anil, on a sudden impulse.

"Yes, let's do that!" I said.

In a few minutes we had taken off our clothes and, sitting on the rocks, were exposing ourselves to the elements. It was delicious to feel the sun crawling over my skin. Within half-an-hour I was a post-box red, and so was Bisnu, and the two of us decided to get into our clothes before the sun scorched the skin off our backs. Kamal and Anil appeared to be more resilient to sunlight and laughed at our discomfiture. Bisnu and I avenged ourselves by gathering up handfuls of snow and rubbing it on their backs. They dressed quickly enough after that, Anil leaping about like a performing monkey.

Meanwhile, almost imperceptibly, clouds had covered some of the peaks, and a white mist drifted down the mountain slopes. It was time to get back to the bungalow; we were not sure whether we would make it before it got dark.

We had not gone far when lightning began to sizzle above the mountain tops, followed by waves of thunder.

"Let's run!" shouted Anil. "We can take shelter in the cave!"

The clouds could hold themselves in no longer, and

the rain came down suddenly, stinging our faces as it was whipped up by an icy wind. Half-blinded, we ran as fast as we could along the slippery path and stumbled, drenched and exhausted, into the little cave.

The cave was mercifully dry and not very dark. We remained at the entrance, watching the rain sweep past us, and listening to the wind whistling down the long gorge.

"It will take some time to stop," said Kamal.

"No, it will pass soon," said Bisnu. "These storms are short and fierce."

Anil produced his pocket knife and, to pass the time, we carved our names on the smooth rock of the cave.

"We'll come here again when we are older," said Kamal, "and perhaps our names will still be here."

It had grown dark by the time the rain stopped. A full moon helped us find our way. We went slowly and carefully. The rain had loosened the earth and stones kept rolling down the hillside. I was afraid of starting a landslide.

"I hope we don't meet the Lidini now," said Anil fervently.

"I thought you didn't believe in her," I said.

"I don't," replied Anil, "but what if I'm wrong?"

We saw only a gural, poised on the brow of a precipice, silhouetted against the sky.

And then the path vanished.

Had it not been for the bright moonlight, we might have walked straight into an empty void. The rain had caused a landslide and where there had been a narrow path there was now only a precipice of loose, slippery shale.

"We'll have to go back," said Bisnu. "It'll be too

dangerous to try and cross in the dark."

"We'll sleep in the cave," I suggested.

"We've nothing to sleep in," said Anil. "Not a single blanket between us—and nothing to eat!"

"We'll just have to rough it out till morning," said Kamal. "It'll be better than breaking our necks here."

We returned to the cave, which did at least have the virtue of being dry. Bisnu had matches and he made a fire with some dry sticks which had been left in the cave by a previous party. We ate what was left of a loaf of bread.

There was no sleep for any of us that night. We lay close to each other for comfort, but the ground was hard and uneven. And every noise we heard outside the cave made us think of leopards and bears and even Abominable Snowmen.

We got up as soon as there was a faint glow in the sky. The snow peaks were now a bright pink, but we were too tired and hungry and worried to care for the beauty of the sunrise. We took the path to the landslide and once again looked for a way across. Kamal ventured to take a few steps on the loose pebbles, but the ground gave way immediately, and we had to grab him by the arms and shoulders to prevent him from sliding a hundred feet down the gorge.

"Now what are we going to do?" I asked.

"Look for another way," said Bisnu.

"But do you know of any?"

We all turned to look at Bisnu, expecting him to provide the solution to our problem.

"I've heard of a way," said Bisnu, "but I've never used it. It'll be a little dangerous, I think. The path has not been used for several years—not since the traders stopped coming in from Tibet."

"Never mind, we'll try it," said Anil.

"We'll have to cross the

glacier first," said Bisnu. "That's the main problem."

We looked at each other in silence. The glacier didn't look difficult to cross, but we knew it would not be easy for novices like us. For almost a quarter of a mile it consisted of hard, slippery ice.

Anil was the first to arrive at a decision.

"Come on," he said, "there's no time to waste."

We were soon on the glacier. And we remained on it for a long time. For every two steps forward, we slid one step backward. Our progress was slow and awkward. Sometimes, after advancing several yards across the ice at a steep incline, one of us would slip back and the others would have to slither down to help him up. At one particularly difficult spot, I dropped our water bottle and, grabbing at it, lost my footing, fell full-length and went sliding some twenty feet down the ice slope.

I had sprained my wrist and hurt my knee, and was to prove a liability for the rest of the trek.

Kamal tied his handkerchief round my hand, and Anil took charge of the water bottle, which we had filled with ice. Using my good hand to grab Bisnu's legs whenever I slipped, I struggled on behind the others.

It was almost noon, and we were quite famished, when we put our feet on grass again. And then we had



another steep climb, clutching at roots and grasses, before we reached the path that Bisnu had spoken about. It was little more than a goat track, but it took us round the mountain and brought us within sight of the dak bungalow.

"I could eat a whole chicken," said Kamal.

"I could eat two," I said.

"I could eat a Snowman," said Bisnu.

"And I could eat the *chowkidar*," said Anil.

Fortunately, he seems to have anticipated our hunger, and when we staggered into the bungalow late in the afternoon, we found a hot meal waiting for us. True, there was no chicken, but so ravenous did we feel that even the lowly onion tasted delicious!

We had Bisnu to thank for getting us back successfully. He had brought us over mountain and glacier with all the skill and confidence of a boy who had the Himalayas in his blood.

We took our time getting back to Kapkote, fished in the Surayu river, bathed with the village boys we had seen on our way up, collected strawberries and ferns and wild flowers, and finally said goodbye to Bisnu.

Anil wanted to take Bisnu along with us, but the boy's parents refused to let him go, saying he was too young for a life in the city, but we were of the view Bisnu could have taught the city boys a few things.

"Never mind," said Kamal. "We'll go on another trip next year and we'll take you with us, Bisnu. We'll write and let you know our plans."

This promise made Bisnu happy and he saw us off at the bus stop, shouldering our bedding to the end. Then he skimmed up the trunk of a fir tree to have a better view of us leaving, and we saw him waving to us from the tree as our bus went round the bend from Kapkote, and the hills were left behind and the plains stretched out below.

OPEN SEASON – WHAT'S IT?

In the new action adventure comedy, OPEN SEASON, Boog, a 900-pound grizzly bear, has his perfect world turned upside-down when he meets Elliot, a scrawny fast-talking, one-horned Mule Deer. Boog is a domesticated bear who has never left the safety of his home in Timberline, but Elliot convinces him to accompany him and the two set off on an adventure during which they soon find themselves lost in the woods. While trying to find their way home they run into a number of wacky characters: The loner PORCUPINE with razor sharp quills who's always looking for a hug, the hard-working beaver REILLY who is very proud of the dam he is building; MCSQUIZZY the squirrel, who is the smallest of the lot but is the one with the worst temper especially if you try to get anywhere near the trees he is guarding; IAN is the bold and opinionated leader of the deer herd and is a big bully who is always picking on Elliot; and, last but not the least, GISELLE who is the most beautiful doe in the forest and she is the object of both Elliot's affection.

What do a warm-hearted bear, a wise cracking deer and all these wacky characters have in common? To find out, watch *Open Season* – In your nearest theatre from 20th October 2006. The movie is also being released in the IMAX version.

(Turn to pages 34, 35)





'CENTENARY' OF NATIONAL SONG

The year 1875. Bankim Chandra Chatterjee was travelling by train from Calcutta to his village, Kantalapada. As he looked through the window of his compartment, he was enchanted by the landscape. He was inspired to write a poem on the attributes of Mother Earth and Mother Nature. He gave the title "Vande Mataram", meaning "I bow to thee, O Mother". He would not have imagined that one day, his poem would evoke the feeling of nationalism in his countrymen. In 1882, he wrote a novel "Anand Math". The story is about a group of Sanyasis who meet frequently at a secret rendezvous to plot their fight against the British rulers. In one sequence in the novel, the author makes the patriots sing the poem *Vande Mataram*. The novel and the poem suddenly became popular. At the annual session of the Indian National Congress held at Varanasi (Benares), in September 1906, poet Rabindranath Tagore gave music to the poem and himself sang it. It was then decided that at every Congress session or meeting, *Vande Mataram* would be the invocation song. When the Constituent Assembly came to adopt a national anthem for India, the honour was given to Tagore's *Jana-gana-mana*, while *Vande Mataram* was chosen as the national song with equal status. In September this year, India celebrated the centenary of *Vande Mataram* to commemorate its adoption at the 1906 Congress session.



**Bankim Chandra
Chatterjee**

INDIAN ORIGIN OF SHADOW PUPPETS



There are glove puppets, rod puppets, string puppets and shadow puppets which, historical records state, originated in India. The most ancient form of performing arts is the puppet show. That children love moving objects is an established fact. The puppeteer's favourites—also children's preferences—are heroes and heroines from mythology and the epics—the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. The shadow puppets move between the light projected and the simple cloth screen in front of the viewers. Practically every Indian state has fashioned shadow puppets, while

it is believed that rod and string puppets have originated in Europe.

The Fearless Four

3. A MONUMENT SAVED

Mithun and his friends remember what their teacher told them.

Mind you, heritage sites are to be protected and preserved.

Come on, the monument will not be far away.

I'm already tired.

On reaching the beach....

Let's play on the sand.

We'll get some rest, too.

Mithun and Jasmine play in water. Soon the other two join them.

Come back, It's getting late!

Suddenly....

Help! My foot is stuck! I can't swim!

Helped by her friends, Jasmine manages to wade to the shore. Her right foot is stuck in a tin can.

After resting for a while, the children proceed to the monument.

The children are struck by the beauty of the shore temple. As they go round....

Hey! Look at me! Let me take some snaps.

Be quick, Mithun, there are more places to see.

The sea is certainly not the place for empty cans! Someone careless must have tossed it into the sea.

Ah! A good backdrop for a photo. Smile, please!

Deepak comes upon someone trying to carve something on the stone wall.

Sir, please don't damage the structure!

Mind your own business, boy. And scoot, as fast as you can!

Deepak alerts the police. As a result....



The children wander about the monument.



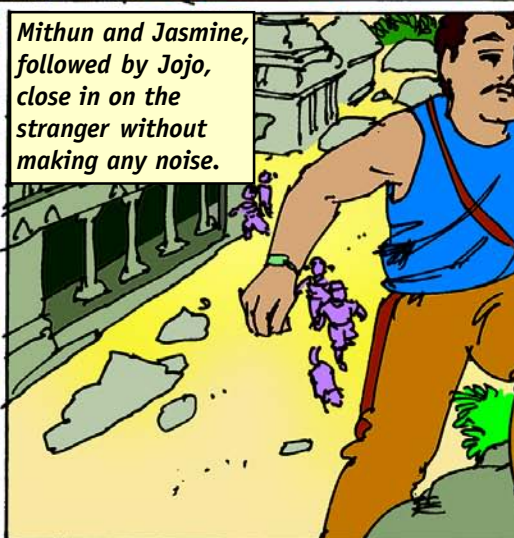
Mithun keeps his handycam busy.

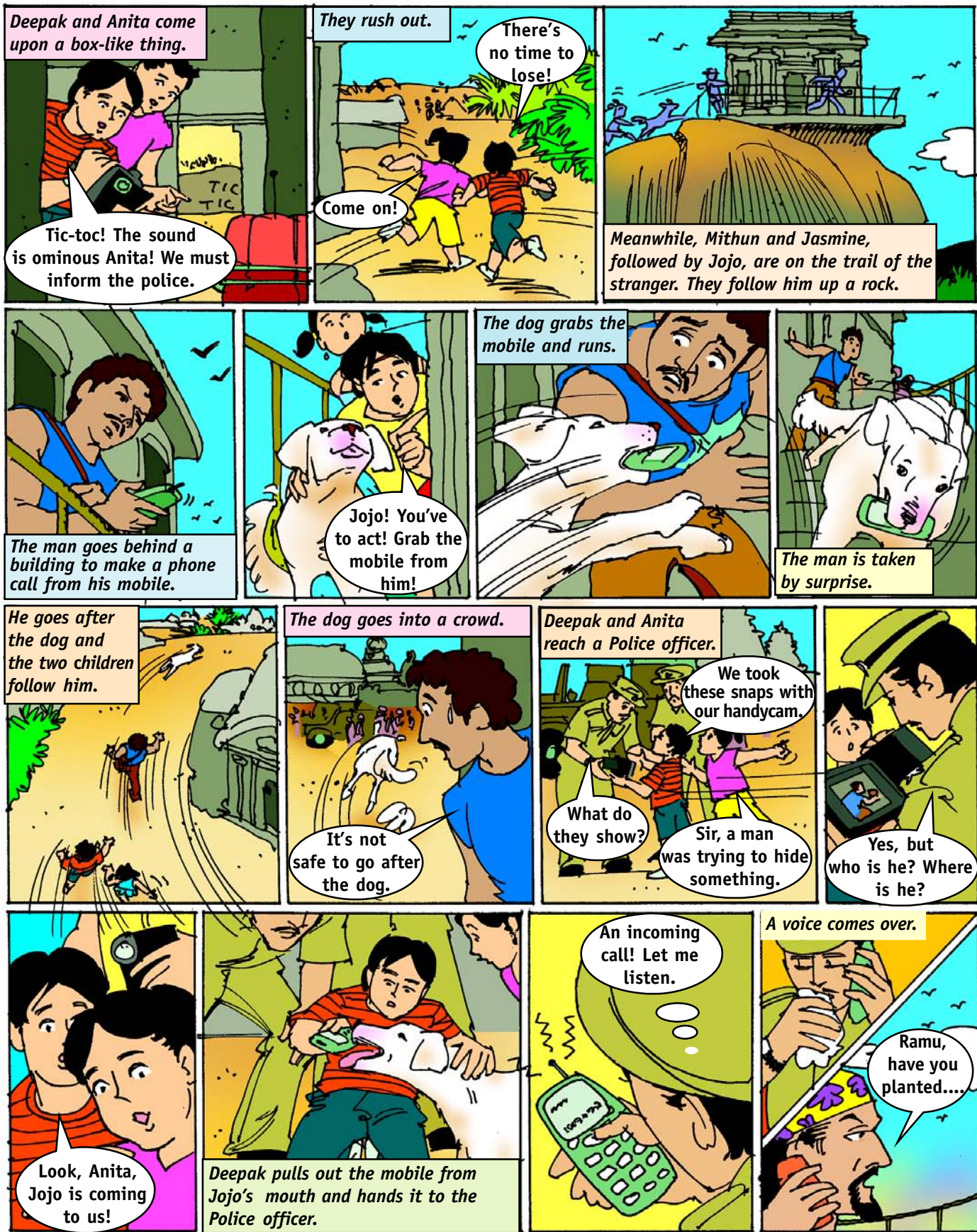


Suddenly, Mithun stares at the screen.



The children decide to divide themselves.





The Police officer speaks in a low voice.



I'm about to do it, but where do I meet you after that?

Idiot! I told you to meet me at the lighthouse!



The Police officer spreads his men.



Follow the children, they'll show you something. Be careful.

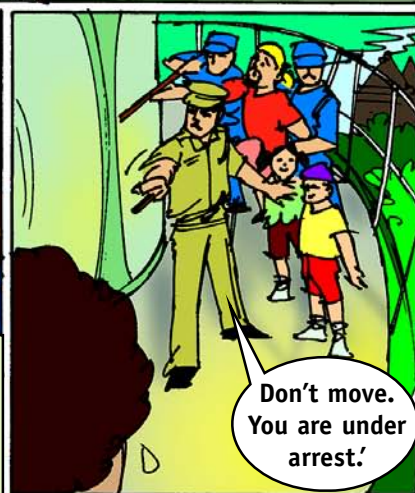
The stranger suspects that the two children had been following him. Now he chases them.



Mithun and Jasmine reach the top.



The stranger is cornered. He is shocked to find his accomplice already caught.



Don't move. You are under arrest.

The two thugs are taken away.



We call him Jojo!

Well done! We could defuse the bomb before it exploded! You've saved the monument. What's your dog's name?

END

SCIENCE FAIR



- By **Rosscode
Krishna Pillai**

OCTOBER-BORN : H.J.BHABHA



Homi Jehangir Bhabha, architect of India's nuclear energy capability, was born on October 30, 1909 in Bombay. He had his school and college education in Bombay and graduated brilliantly in physics and mathematics. In 1927, he joined Cambridge University and passed in mechanical engineering with a first class in 1930. He then shifted to his first love, theoretical physics, at Cambridge. In 1932, on a travelling studentship, he went to Zurich and Rome and worked under the famous physicists, Pauli and Fermi. In 1934, he got the Isaac Newton Fellowship and in 1936, the 1851 Exhibition Studentship.

Dr.Bhabha's major work in physics was done jointly with Heitler on cosmic rays. When these primary rays, consisting of protons, electrons and gamma rays, coming to earth from outer space, enter the earth's atmosphere and collide with the atoms in the air, new nuclear particles emerge. Bhabha identified the particles and named them mesons. Such basic findings brought international recognition to Bhabha.

In 1939, he returned to India. The start of World War II stopped him from going back. So, he joined the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore as Reader. In 1941, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society (F.R.S.), at the age of 31. Next year he was made Professor at I.I.Sc.

Bhabha was keen to take his motherland to the frontiers of science. With aid from the Dorabji Tata Trust, he founded the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research in Bombay in 1945 and became its first Director. TIFR became "the cradle of our atomic energy programme". The Atomic Energy Commission was set up in 1948 with Bhabha as Chairman and the Department of Atomic Energy with him as its Secretary in 1954. With Bhabha at the helm, India leapfrogged from producing radio isotopes to nuclear power generation. Research reactors, *Apsara*, *Cirus* and *Zerlina*, were created. The Atomic Energy Establishment was opened at Trombay in 1957 (which was renamed Bhabha Atomic Research Centre in 1967). Scientists trained by Bhabha set up nuclear power plants at Trombay, Rana Pratap Sagar and Kalpakkam. Under Bhabha's dynamic leadership, a number of other research centres and facilities related to atomic energy and space came up in different parts of India including the Rocket Launching Station at Thumba.

Honours came to him from everywhere including Padma Bhushan in 1954. In 1955, he was elected President of the first U.N.Conference on the "Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy" at Geneva.

Bhabha remained a bachelor. He once said, "I am married to creativity." From boyhood he was an ardent lover of art, music and literature.

Bhabha met with a tragic end on January 24, 1966 in an air crash at Mont Blanc. He was 56.

SIBLINGS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

The Sun and its planets seem to have siblings in the Universe. Astronomers surmise so on the basis of a recent discovery of a planetary system that in various aspects closely resembles our solar system. Reporting the discovery in the journal *Nature* of May 18, the team of scientists led by Christophe Lovis of the Geneva Observatory in Switzerland have said, they have found the most Earth-like planet yet among the three medium-sized planets around a star, after observing it for two years. The star, designated HD 69830, is a little less massive than the sun and located 41 light years away in constellation, Puppis. It is said, the outermost planet is the only Earth-like one among the 170 planets discovered so far belonging to 18 planetary systems found hitherto. At 5.5 times the mass of the Earth, it is also one of the smallest extrasolar planets ever found. It lies about 390 million kilometers from its star, which is within the star's habitable zone where temperatures are moderate enough for liquid water to be stable. The planet orbits the star in 197 days. While the two inner planets are about the same mass as our solar planet, Neptune, and seem to be mainly rocky, the third Earth-like one appears to have a gaseous envelope surrounding its rocky/icy core. The star also seems to have an asteroid belt.



QUOTATIONS

BHABHA SPEAK

"A scientist does not belong to a particular nation. He belongs to the whole world. The doors of science should be kept open to all those who work for the welfare of humanity."

"You can give a new direction to everything in life— except death."

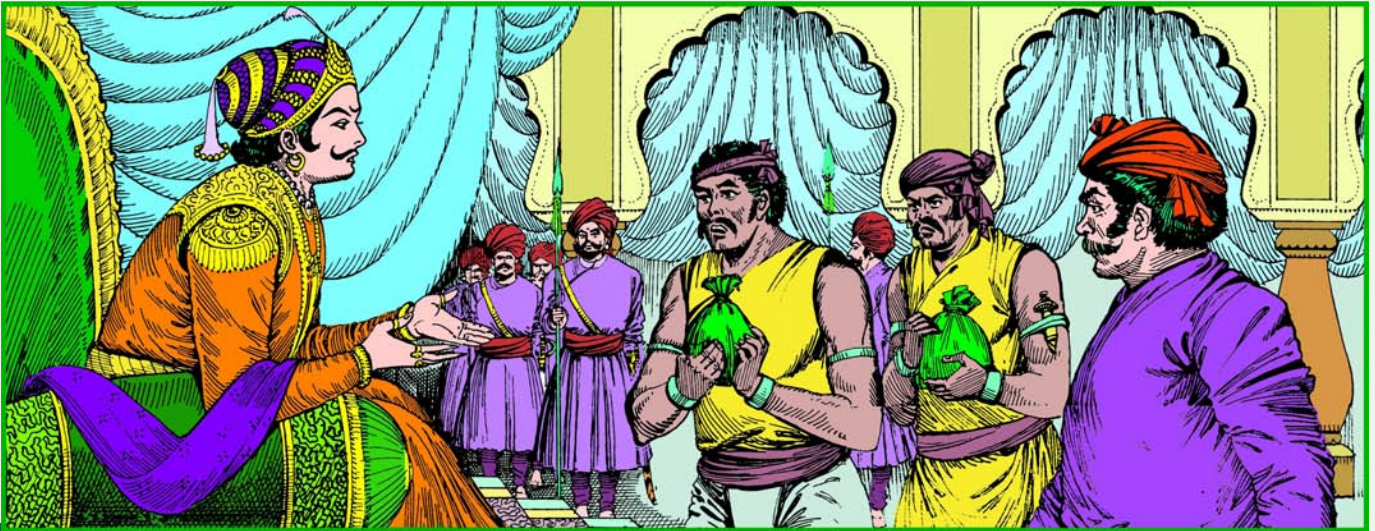
"...I have come more and more to the view that provided proper appreciation and financial support are forthcoming, it is one's duty to stay in one's own country and build up schools comparable with those that other countries are fortunate in possessing..."
—from his letter dated March 12, 1944 to the Chairman of Sir Dorabji Tata Trust.

SCIENCE QUIZ



1. In which part of the Earth's atmosphere is ozone layer present?
a. Stratosphere; b. Exosphere; c. Troposphere; d. Ionosphere.
2. Which scale is used for measuring wind velocity?
a. Richter; b. Celsius; c. Kelvin; d. Beaufort.
3. Milk contains sugars, proteins, fats and water. Due to which of these does milk get its white colour?
a. Fats; b. Proteins; c. Water; d. Dissolved sugars.
4. Which of the following nuclear research reactors in India was the first to be built?
a. Cirus; b. Apsara; c. Purnima; d. Dhruva.
5. Which gas causes 'green house effect'?
a. Carbon monoxide; b. Carbon dioxide; c. Nitrogen; d. Ozone.

Answer: 1. c. Troposphere; 2. b. Beaufort; 3. a. Fats; 4. b. Apsara; 5. a. Carbon monoxide



THE AGGRESSOR

While Brahmadrutt ruled Banaras, Bodhisattva was born as his son. Brahmadrutt named his son Shilava.

When the time came, Shilava became the King of Banaras. He ruled the people justly and made them happy. When anyone committed crimes because of poverty, dire need or ignorance, the king did not punish them. He called them to him, gave them the money they needed, and advised them how to lead a correct life.

Due to this, crime did not flourish and the people began to love their king.

The kingdom of Kosala was across the border. The minister of Kosala thought that Shilava was a weak king. He told his king, "Your majesty, the King of Banaras is afraid of punishing even bandits. It should be easy for us to conquer him."

The King of Kosala wanted to test the strength of Shilava. He ordered some of his soldiers to cross the border and loot some of the villages of Banaras.

The villagers promptly caught them and took them to King Shilava.

"Friends," said Shilava, "you look like strangers. What made you attack our villagers?"

"O King," the soldiers replied, "we were prompted by hunger."

"You could have come to me and got enough food," said Shilava. He got money from his treasury, distributed it among the soldiers of Kosala, and sent them away.

When the King of Kosala learnt what had happened, he was convinced that Shilava was a weakling.

Still he wanted some more confirmation. So, he sent a bigger contingent of soldiers to destroy a few towns in the kingdom.

But the people of Banaras were very alert. They caught the soldiers again and presented them before the king. Shilava once again gave them money and sent them away.

The King of Kosala was now quite convinced that he could easily conquer Banaras. He marched his armies on Banaras.

A JATAKA TALE

When the ministers and army chiefs got the news, they went to the king and said, "Your majesty, the King of Kosala will soon attack us. Evidently, he is not aware of our strength. Let us go for war."

Shilava detested war. "Let there be no bloodshed. Let them take Banaras if they want it. Keep the gates wide open for them," he said.

He then sent word to the King of Kosala, "You need not come like enemies. Come like friends. You're welcome."

The King of Kosala was incapable of correct behaviour. The moment he entered the palace of Banaras, he ordered his men to capture Shilava and his ministers.

"This is not a proper behaviour on the part of a guest," Shilava protested. The King of Kosala only laughed loudly in reply.

Shilava and his ministers were caught and given common clothes. They were asked to leave the capital before sunset. If they failed to do so, they were warned of death.

Accordingly, Shilava left the city with his ministers and entered the forest before it was dark. They rested in the forest for the night and went to sleep without food.

At about midnight they were disturbed from their sleep by the arrival of several bandits with torches.

They told Shilava, "O King, we had been bandits. But because of your goodness we could live honestly all these years. But our troubles start from now. So, we've looted the palace and brought these things. Here are your dresses and ornaments and swords. Here is also food for you from the palace. Please eat the food, wear



NUTRINE QUIZ-1



1. Which is the driest place on earth?
a. Sahara desert b. Gobi Desert
c. Thar Desert d. Atacama Desert



India's largest selling sweets and toffees.

2. Which river is known as the 'Sorrow of Bengal'?
a. Brahmaputra b. Damodar
c. Kosi d. Chambal

(Answer on page 33)

the dresses and tell us what we should do with the rest of the booty."

Shilava and his ministers ate the food and put on the dresses. "You should have found out how the new king proposes to solve your problems. Return all this loot to the king and ask him to show you a way of living," Shilava advised the bandits.

"Sire," the bandits replied, "one who is treacherous to his host cannot have any sense of justice. We shall never acknowledge that scoundrel as our king. You are still our king. Show us the way." "If you refuse to return this loot," Shilava said, "it shall be my duty to do so."

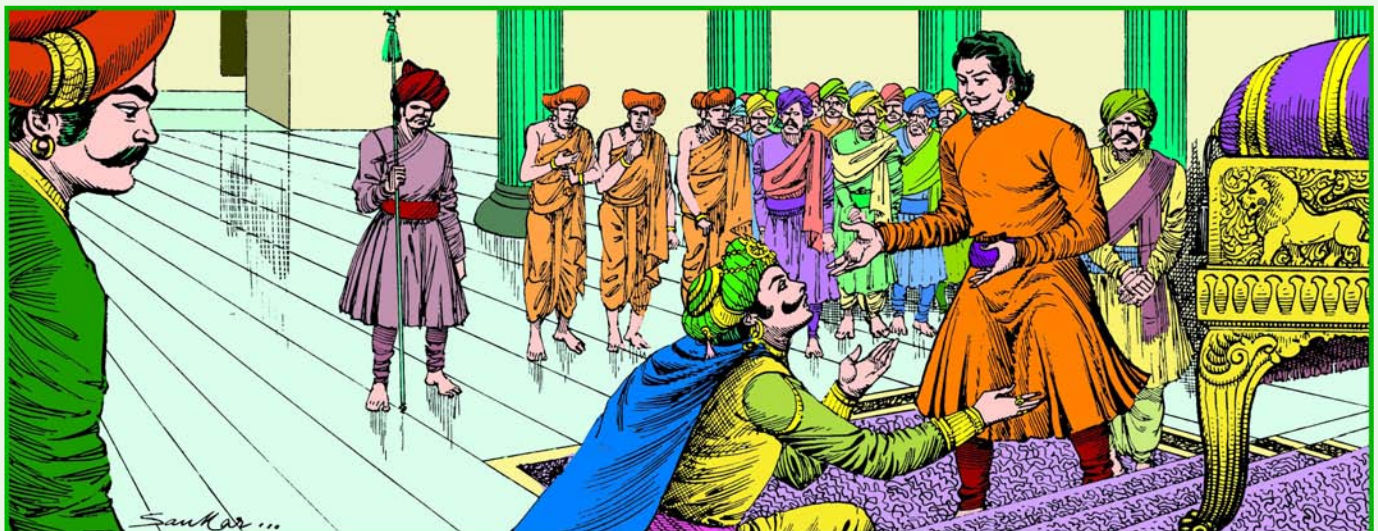
Accompanied by his ministers Shilava proceeded to the palace, where they reached next morning. The enemy king was surprised to see Shilava in his royal robes.

"You were warned to leave the city," he told Shilava. "Why are you still here, courting death?"

Shilava told the King of Kosala all that had happened the previous night, and then added, "O King, you did deprive me of my throne with the only idea of ruling the country better. The poor, ignorant bandits did not realise it, and in their foolishness they robbed your palace. I promised them that you would solve all their problems, and brought back your properties."

The King of Kosala was deeply touched. He fell at the feet of Shilava and lamented, "O Great One! Even the bandits love you! Your behaviour is so exemplary! Yet I could not appreciate such fine things. I was led astray by my wicked minister, and I deprived you of your kingdom. Take it back. It is enough if I can have your lasting friendship. Pardon all my sins!"

Shilava agreed to take back the kingdom. He kept the King of Kosala and his soldiers as his guests for some days and then sent them away with gifts.



SUN AND SHADE



It was one of those days when Emperor Akbar was in a bad mood. Birbal tried to cheer him with amusing asides and light banter. But the Emperor sulked.

"A sulk doesn't go well with you, *Shah-en-Shah!*" Birbal remarked.

"Who are you to tell me what suits me? Remember, I'm the Badshah. I do what I like. Nobody tells me when to laugh and when to sulk," the Emperor scowled.

"Keep scowling, *Alampana*, and you will end up with a sour face," Birbal replied.

"How dare you call me Sour Face?"

"I didn't call you by that name, *Shah-en-Shah!* I would never dare to do so, even though I'm afraid if you don't get out of the sulk quickly, your face will gain sour look. The longer you sulk, the more likely you'll end up as a Sour Face," Birbal would not let go of his logic though he chose to be polite and courteous.

"Get out, this minute. I've seen the last of you; and you, of me," Akbar exploded angrily.

"*Shah-en-Shah*," Birbal tried to say something, but the frosty look that the Emperor gave him was enough to send him scurrying out of the royal court.

"The vermin! The rat! The upstart! Good riddance! Who wants a courtier who has the audacity to say that should not sulk? Can't I sulk when I feel like sulking? Who does he think he is to tell me what to do and what not to do? I am glad to get rid of him," the Emperor stamped his foot angrily on the carpeted floor and continued to sulk.

None could get him out of it. Not even the Begum.

It took the Emperor a whole day to get out of the sulk.

Next day, the Emperor arrived at the court. The courtiers were already there. But Birbal was missing.

"Where's Birbal?" the Emperor asked.

"He sent word, *Shah-en-Shah*, that he was leaving for an unknown destination. He said he would keep away from the Royal Court. He added that he would never dare disobey the orders of the Emperor," said a courtier.

"My orders?" the Emperor was taken aback.

"Yes, *Shah-en-Shah*. He said you had ordered him out of your presence. You had forbidden him from appearing before you ever, told him not to show his face at the palace, again," said one of the courtiers.

"Ah ha," the Emperor remembered the argument he had with Birbal the previous day. He regretted his words. It was true that he was furious when Birbal told him not





to sulk. Birbal had exceeded the limits when he had added that the Emperor would end up with a sour face if he did not stop sulking. In anger, he had ordered Birbal out of his presence, told him never again to show his face at the Court. He had not expected Birbal to take his words seriously.

Often the unexpected happened. This time, it did. Birbal had gone away. He had not told anyone where he was headed for. He had not left any address where he could be contacted. He had vanished without a trace.

The Emperor missed Birbal very much. The Court seemed dull and boring without Birbal. The Emperor ordered a search for Birbal. Officials spread out to all parts of the empire to track down Birbal. But their efforts were in vain.

Days passed. But there was no news of Birbal or his whereabouts.

The Emperor fretted and fumed. He shouted at the chief of the police force. He screamed at the courtiers. He became morose. He sulked most of the time. Even the Begum or the princes could not make him laugh.

Everyone knew the reason for the Emperor's bad mood. If only Birbal could be located and brought back to the Royal Court! If only!

Finally, the Emperor thought out a plan. He called the courtiers and told them, "I'm offering a reward of 100 mohars to anyone who can walk along a road on a bright sunny day. He should not carry an umbrella. Yet he should be in the shade, all the time. Let the public know of this offer. Send out the drummers all over our territory to give wide publicity to the offer."

"But, Shah-en-Shah, you've set an impossible condition. Nobody can walk out side on a sunny day without an umbrella and yet be in the shade," the oldest among the courtiers pointed out.

"You think so?" the Emperor asked.

"Yes, Shah-en-Shah," the courtiers replied in one voice.

"Maybe you're right. But I see no harm in making an announcement of the reward," the Emperor asserted.

The courtiers kept mum.

Soon drummers went round the land, announcing the unusual offer.

Many scholars considered the offer silly. "Rulers have their whims and fancies," one scholar noted. "The 100 mohars will never leave the royal treasury," joked another. The scholars laughed it off.

Yet not everyone scoffed at the offer. A poor man in a remote village, too, heard the drummers. He repeated the message to himself. "*A hundred mohars to anyone who walks under the sun, without carrying an umbrella and yet remains in the shadow.*" He never had seen one mohar all his life. If only he knew how to do what the Emperor wanted one to do? Then he would collect a real fortune.

He was not wise enough to think it was impossible. He thought and he thought, all day long. But he could not find out how to do that. His wife found him lost in thought. She asked him what was worrying him. He told her that

he was trying to find out how to walk in the sun without an umbrella, yet be always in the shade.

"Why can't we ask our new neighbour, Birendra?" she asked.

"Only a really intelligent man can find a way out," the poor man groaned.

"Birendra is very intelligent. Far more intelligent than anyone we know. So let's ask him," she pleaded.

"We don't lose anything by asking. But I'm more than sure that he won't have the answer. Otherwise, he would have hurried to claim the prize himself." The poor man got up, walked across the courtyard and knocked at the door of Birendra's house.

"Coming," a loud clear voice told him.

He waited. He heard the bolt of the door being pulled aside. The door opened.

"Namaste, Bhai saheb," the poor man greeted the neighbour.

"Namaste. Come in," Birendra led him in.

The two sat down on a bench. They enquired about each other's welfare. Finally, the host enquired what brought him to his house. The poor man told him of the royal proclamation. "I'm poor. I wish I know how to walk in the sun yet be in the shade. Then I could get the prize," he added.

"That's not a difficult task," Birendra smiled.

"You know how to do that?"

"Yes, my friend. Walk with a cot on your head. You'll be walking under the sun. You won't be carrying an umbrella. Yet you'll be walking in the shade," said Birendra.

"Wonderful! I would never have thought of that. Let

FAVOURITE WORD

Once there was a boy who needed to do his homework. His homework was to write down his family's favourite words. So when he got home he asked his mom who was listening to the radio, "What is your favourite word, mom?"

"Shut up!" So he wrote that down. Then he went to his dad who was watching football. His favourite team had just scored a goal. The little boy asked him, "What is your favourite word, dad?" "Yeah!"

So he wrote that down. Next he went to his elder sister and he asked her, "What is your favourite word?" She was listening to her favourite CD and said, "A lollipop, a lollipop, a lollipop." So he wrote that down. Next he went to his brother. He was watching Batman. He asked him, "What is your favourite word?"

"Nanananananana Batman!" So he wrote that down. Then he went to his baby sister who was playing with her cars. So he asked her, "What is your favourite word?" "Voom, voom car, a voom, voom car."

So he wrote that down. The next day at school, the teacher asked him to share his homework with the class. He said, "Shut up!" The teacher said, "Do you want to go to the principal's office?" "Yeah!" "What do you think you deserve?" "A lollipop, a lollipop, a lollipop." "Who do you think you are?" "Nanananananana Batman!" "What do you think you are going to get away with?" "Voom, voom car, a voom, voom car."



me hurry to Agra. Let me seek out the Emperor and walk in the sun while remaining in the shadow," the poor man was beside himself with joy.

"I wish you success," Birendra cheered the guest and saw him off.

The man went to Agra. He walked along the avenue that ran close to the royal palace, holding a cot above his head, at the same time and hence walking in the shade. He walked right up to the gates of the palace and told the sentry to inform the Emperor that he had come to claim the reward.

The sentry led him to the Emperor's presence. The poor villager bowed. "Shah-en-Shah! I walked all the way to the palace. I did not carry an umbrella. Yet I remained in the shade, all the time," he said.

"You could do that?"

"Yes, Shah-en-Shah."

"How did you manage that? My courtiers told me that nobody could walk in the sun, without an umbrella, yet remain in the shade," the Emperor asked.

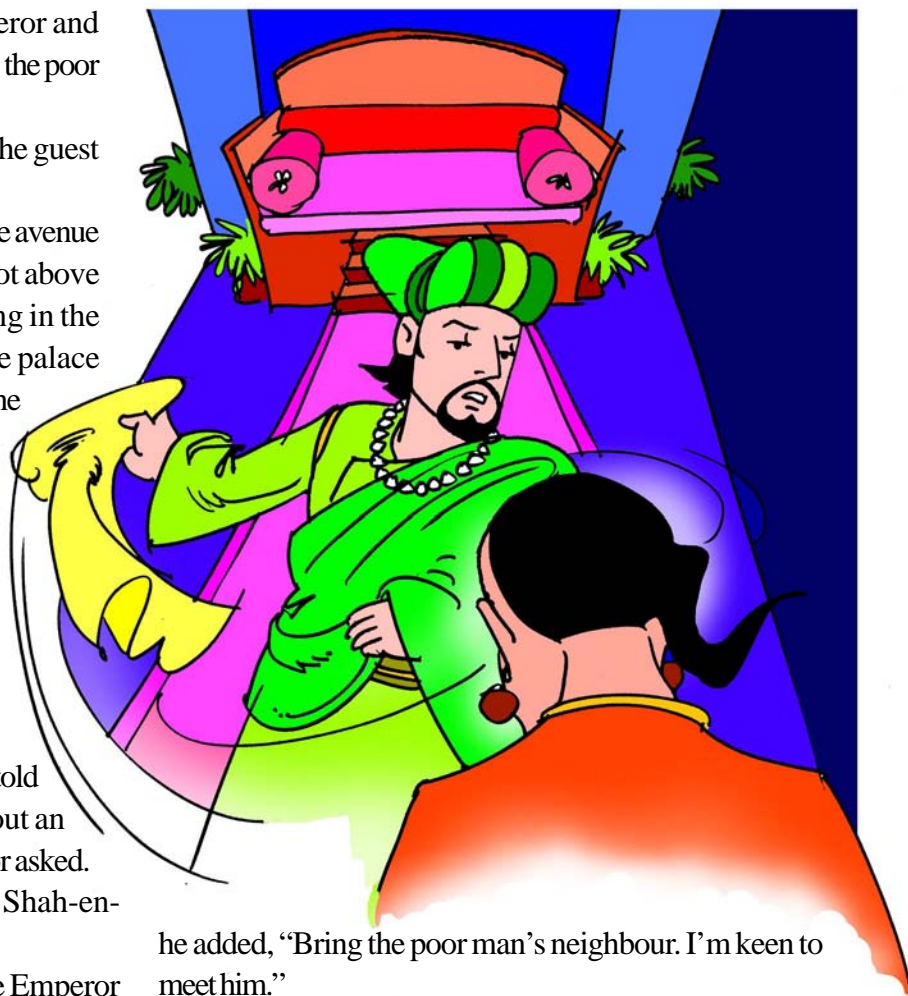
"I carried a cot, held it above my head, Shah-en-Shah," the man said.

"Did you get that idea on your own?" the Emperor came close to the poor man and asked.

"No, Shah-en-Shah. I've a neighbour, Birendra. He moved in only last month. He is very intelligent. Previously he lived in Agra. Life in Agra, he told me, was too hectic, he said. He wanted to lead a life of leisure. Our village is the place for him," the poor man explained.

Emperor Akbar scratched his head. He seemed almost sure that Birendra was none else than Birbal.

He gave the man a bag containing 100 mohars. Then he added, "I want you to reach home safe. So I shall send one of the officials with you." He called an official and instructed him to escort the man to the village. Then



he added, "Bring the poor man's neighbour. I'm keen to meet him."

The official bowed. The poor man bowed. The two bowed out of the court.

A week later, the official returned. With him came Birendra, his face covered with a towel. They bowed to the Emperor.

"Stranger, why are you keeping your face behind a towel?" the Emperor asked.

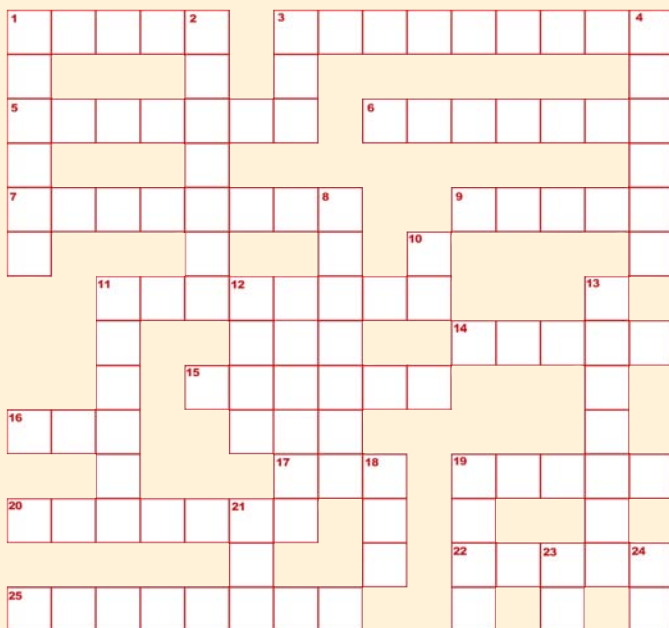
"Because, Shah-en-Shah, you told me not to show my face ever to you."

"I want to see it, Birbal." Emperor Akbar walked over, whipped off the towel and held him in a warm tight embrace.

- R.K.Murthi

We announce with deep sorrow the sudden demise of Mr. Murthi in September. Our readers will remember his stories and news features, like "It happened in..." which concluded only recently. He had all along been a well-wisher of *Chandamama* and a regular contributor since 2003. We recall his visit to our office and his talk to our creative writers when he had tips for them how to write for children.- Editor

PUZZLE DAZZLE



ACROSS:

1. I _____ English (5).
3. A day of the week (9).
5. England is a _____ (7).
6. Not ordinary or usual (7).
7. A very big animal (8).
9. A greeting (= Hi) (5).
11. Spanish is a _____ (8).
14. We _____ coffee in the morning (5).
15. She is my _____ (6).
16. A creature similar to a mouse (3).
17. You _____ a student (3).
19. Ragini likes classical _____ (5).
20. A profession (they fix teeth) (7).
22. Three plus five equals _____ (5).
24. Happy _____ to you (8).

Solve the puzzle using the clues appearing below:

DOWN:

1. A sport with eleven players in a team (6).
2. You cook in the _____ (7).
3. An interrogation (3).
4. The colour of the sun (6).
8. A _____ works at a school (7).
10. _____ are intelligent (2).
11. I like to _____ to music (6).
12. Opposite of bad (4).
13. You want to learn _____ (7).
17. I get up _____ 5 in the morning (2).
18. A vegetarian doesn't _____ meat (3).
19. I'm pleased to _____ you (4).
21. Opposite of happy (3).
23. They _____ to church every Sunday (2).
24. Shyam likes _____ go to the beach on holidays (2).



- by R Vaasugi

Across: 1. Speak, 3. Wednesday, 5. Country, 6. Unusual, 7. Elephant, 9. Hello, 11. Language, 14. Drink, 15. Mother, 16. Rat, 17. Are, 19. Music, 20. Dentist, 22. Eight, 24. Birthday.

Down: 1. Soccer, 2. Kitchen, 3. Why, 4. Yellow, 8. Teacher, 10. We, 11. Listen, 12. Good, 13. English, 17. At, 18. Eat, 19. Meet, 21. Sad, 23. Go, 24. To.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

DID YOU KNOW?

The giraffe is the tallest animal, reaching a height of 18 ft. Its 21-inch long tongue comes handy for cleaning its ears! The rubbery tongue can also grip and pull tree branches and strip off the leaves.



India's largest selling sweets and toffees.





THE LAST DAYS

Hoshang Shah looked out of the window below which a group of youngsters were playing, including his own son Prince Ghazni. Soon, he was lost in thoughts. He could not take his eyes off a young lad who seemed to lead in every sport leaving the others way behind. He was not just a wonderful athlete but also shared his own love of adventure. Like him, he didn't seem to know the word fear and was ready for anything. Hoshang Shah recalled how, despite being just a little boy, he had insisted on going with them to Orissa to bring home the elephants. He had never once complained of being tired or homesick and had done his share like any grown up soldier. This remarkable youngster was Mahmud, the son of his favourite minister Malik Mughith.

Hoshang Shah had never come across anyone like him before – so brave, daring, fearless, taking every adverse circumstance in his stride, at such a tender age. He was nearly the same age as his own son Ghazni but how different in every way! Ghazni was lazy and

indolent. He was too cowardly to go for adventure sports like as climbing rocks, hunting, fencing or wrestling. How would he step into his shoes some day, as he was bound to do before long? Hoshang Shah sighed and tried to feel cheerful. “You look worried, your majesty,” remarked Malik Mughith coming into the room. “Could I be of any help?”

“I was admiring your son, Mahmud. What a wonderful athlete and sportsman he has grown to be!”

“Your majesty has always been extra good and kind to him, giving him every chance to develop into an all-rounder,” said the minister gratefully.

“You know how dear he is to me,” said Hoshang Shah. “He has always seemed like another son. I only wish my own son Ghazni would be more like him.”

“Do not worry, your majesty,” said the minister. “Prince Ghazni still is young I'm sure he'll be all that he ought to be once he is older.”

“Perhaps it would make a difference if only he had a friend like Mahmud. But I'm afraid no two lads could be more different!” said Hoshang Shah, shaking his head. He would not speak so frankly to anyone else about the prince-regent, but Malik Mughith was different and really close to him.

“Mahmud will be a good friend to our prince, sire,” said Malik Mughith. “He is far too loyal not to respect your wish. You're like a father to him, not just the king.”

Hoshang Shah cheered up at his words. He had great faith in Mahmud. He saw to it that Mahmud had every opportunity to learn what befitted a ruler. He had the same teachers as Ghazni and far outstripped him in everything. Instead of getting closer to Ghazni who was his own age, Mahmud tended to become the shadow of Hoshang Shah, accompanying him everywhere, sharing all his adventures. He soon became indispensable to the king. Hoshang Shah could



OF HOSHANG SHAH

plainly see how Mahmud was overshadowing the prince at every step doing everything far better and quicker. But because he was so fond of Mahmud, he tried to convince Ghazni that Mahmud was his most loyal subject and would be a loyal friend to him. The prince agreed outwardly but he resented Mahmud's presence and was jealous of him. Not merely because his father loved him so much but because, as the king's acknowledged favourite, Mahmud exercised a great deal of power over the people.

As days went by, Hoshang Shah grew physically weak not because he was old but because he fell seriously ill and could not recover from his illness. He was wise enough to realise that his days were numbered. He proclaimed Prince Ghazni as his successor and the new King of Malwa. He also sent for Mahmud and begged him to stand by the new king and serve him as loyally as he had served him. "Look after him as you would your own brother," whispered Hoshang Shah. "I've always loved you like my own son, Mahmud. Promise me." Mahmud promised.

After Hoshang Shah passed away, something strange happened. Although Hoshang Shah had got his tomb built himself and it was in perfect condition during his life time, as soon as his body was placed inside, a stream of water began to trickle from the roof. There was no logical reason to account for this strange happening. There were no cracks, no holes or any kind of damage on the roof. And yet the water continued to trickle down day and night, even at the peak of summer. Since he had always been very dear to his people, they thought of it as a kind of miracle and turned his grave into a shrine, organising an 'urs' every summer. Abul Fazal, Akbar's historian, mentions it in his "*Ain-i-Akbari*". He did not consider it a miracle but certainly thought it a strange



happening. It has also been mentioned by historian Firishta. It is difficult to say when exactly the strange phenomenon stopped but one can see the depression on the marble floor even now.

The tomb of Hoshang Shah is one of the most gorgeous tombs in India. In fact, the architecture of Mandu was so famous that architects from the court of Shah Jehan came to visit the place before they built the Taj Mahal. While they studied the architecture of Hoshang Shah's tomb, they also carved an inscription on one of the doors of the great big hall which reads: "On the ninth day of Rabi II, 1070 (December 14, 1659), the humble Lufullah, son of Ustad Ahmed, architect of Shah Jehan, Jadu Rai, Master Sheo Ram and Master Hamid came to show our reverence and wrote these few words by way of record." This inscription, though faint with time, can be read even now. Ustad Hamid was closely associated with the building of Taj Mahal. In fact, there is a lane named after him near the Jama Masjid in Delhi.

Swapna Dutta

IT'S RAINING GOLD!

Clink! Clunk! What was this falling out of the sky? Little shiny pieces of metal, yellow like the sun. Pooja picked up one of them. 'Wow!' she thought. 'This is gold! It's raining gold! A shower like this, and nobody needs to be poor anymore! A few monsoons and everybody will have enough to eat and attend school! But where is everybody?' Suddenly her hand hit the edge of the table and Pooja woke up to see the coins on her bedside table fall to the ground one by one. She got out of bed with a smile, wondering about the beautiful dream she had just had.

A few moments later, her mother walked in. "Happy Dussehra, Pooja!" Of course, today was the tenth day of Navratri, one of the most auspicious days in the Hindu calendar. There was so much happening today, but first Pooja had to tell her mother about the dream. "Can it really happen, Mother?" she asked. "Could it ever rain gold?" Pooja had always hoped to find a way in which everyone could be as prosperous as her family was and lead a comfortable life.

"Let me tell you a story," said Pooja's mother. "Many

years ago, there lived a noble and generous king named Raghu. He once performed a great 'yagna' – a ceremonial offering–after which he wished to distribute all his wealth among the poor. At the end of this distribution, when a poor beggar boy came to his doorstep asking for alms, the king had nothing left to give. So, he decided to attack Lord Kubera, the god of Wealth. As King Raghu managed to break into the treasury of Kubera, it began to rain gold on earth! Some of this divine gold fell on the Apta tree and got transformed into its leaves. On Dussehra day, friends exchange leaves of the Apta, because they symbolize gold. So, this is one of the things we'll be doing today," said Pooja's mother.

"But, Mother, what value do the leaves of the Apta have today?" asked Pooja. "Will they help anybody to become rich?"

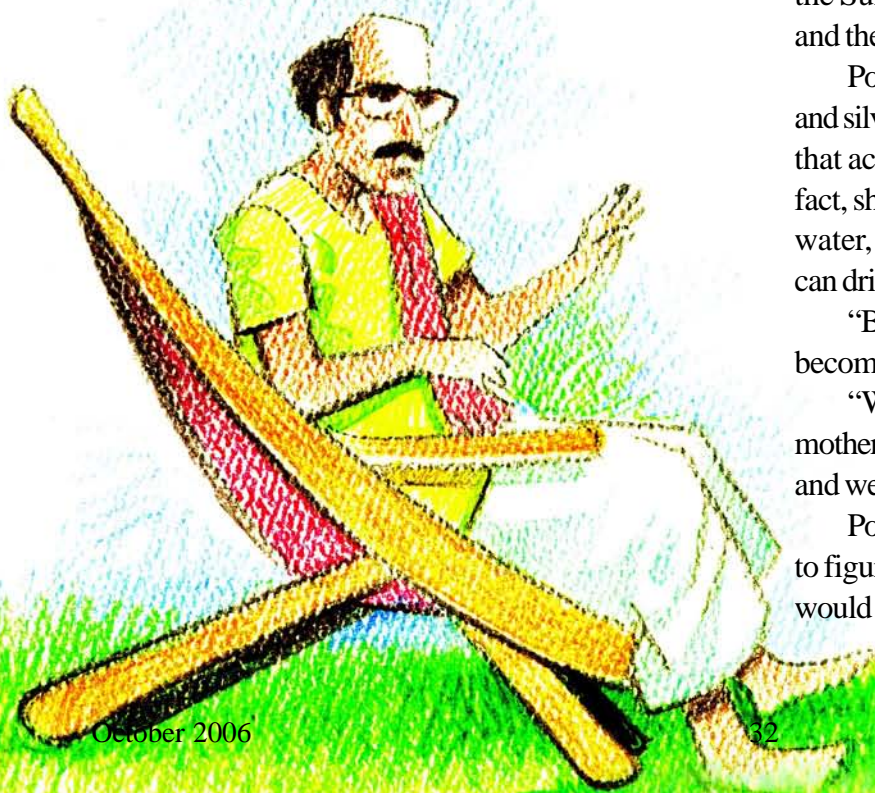
"The leaves of the Apta symbolize Nature," replied Pooja's mother. "And Nature has tremendous value – in fact, it is the source of all human wealth, because it provides us with food and shelter – the two basic needs for humanity to survive. Can you imagine a world without the Sun, the forests or the trees and without the rivers and the sea?"

Pooja tried to imagine a world which was full of gold and silver but did not have any trees, and then she realized that actually no one would survive in such a world! In fact, she thought, if it truly started to rain gold instead of water, everybody would die of thirst because nobody can drink gold!

"But, Mother, how will the Apta tree help everyone become rich?" asked Pooja. "I still don't understand."

"What does it mean to be rich, Pooja?" asked her mother. "Think about it today as you celebrate Dussehra, and we can talk about it again tonight."

Pooja got dressed excitedly. She now had something to figure out and Mother had promised her that this day would help her solve the riddle. She also decided to take



the help of her family and friends to find the answer.

All day long, through the celebrations, Pooja asked everyone around her this question – What does it mean to be rich? Different people had different answers. ‘Enough money in the bank,’ said one. ‘Enough to eat and live happily,’ said another. Pooja was amazed at the variety of answers she got. Her mother watched her enthusiasm and encouraged her to keep asking until she was convinced.

By nightfall, Pooja looked thoughtful but content. “So,” asked her mother, “what’s the conclusion of your research?” as she helped Pooja get ready to go to bed.

Pooja said, “You know, Mother, the only answer I really liked was the one I received from grandfather. He told me he has always felt that he was rich even when he was growing up in the village and led a simple life. He said, ‘When I was growing up, we lived in a village that was surrounded by thick forests. A stream flowed by our house and I spent many hours playing in it. I felt like I had everything that I needed. Fresh food from the farm, fresh air to breathe and lots of space to romp around in! Everytime it rained, I would run out to receive the rain and it felt like heaven was pouring its blessings on me! Nature was abundant around me and I always felt like I was the richest man in the world! Even though the village folk I lived amongst did not have much money, they had plenty of food and water. And this was available to everybody.’”

‘So actually,’ thought Pooja as she dozed off gradually, ‘in the story of

Raghu and Kubera, the divine gold that fell from the skies was water!

It was not *raining* gold, the rainwater itself was the gold, which nourished the Apta tree and became its leaves. And this is why when Nature is abundant, everyone can indeed be rich and happy.....’

- Manisha Gutman

Nutrine Quiz-1 Answers :

1. d. Atacama Desert; 2. b. Damodar.



THEY'RE PUTTING THE FOREST

BACK INTO NATURE'S CONTROL

OPEN SEASON

IN
THEATRES
20TH OCT.

When a 900-pound domesticated grizzly bear named Boog and a scrawny one-horned mule deer named Elliot become stranded in the woods during hunting season, it's up to the duo to rally all the other forest animals and turn the tables on the hunters.

Log on to www.sonypictures.in for more information on this fun film.

MATCH THE NAMES AND WIN TICKETS !!

Hi Kids ! This is your chance to win tickets to this hilarious animated adventure. What you have to do is match the characters from Open Season with their names. Draw a line to point to the correct name (see example), fill in your details and send your entries to the given address. Have fun !

Tip - Visit our website to find out more !

GISELLE

BOOG

REILLY

MCSQUIZZY

ELLIOT

NAME: _____

AGE: _____ EMAIL: _____

ADDRESS: _____

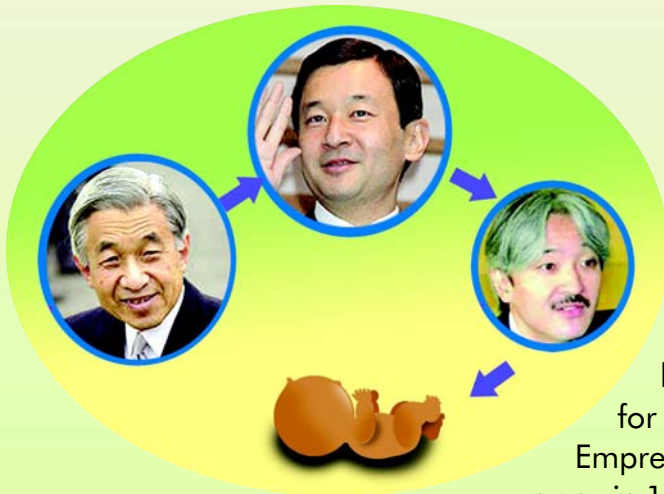
PHONE NO: _____

SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES TO:

Sony Pictures Releasing of India Ltd., 503,
Alpha, Main Street, Hiranandani Gardens,
Powai, Mumbai - 400076. You can also fax
us your entries to : 022 56975162.

LUNAR LANDOWNERS

An Indian satellite is getting ready to travel to the moon in a year or two. Depending on its success will be the plans to land an Indian astronaut/cosmonaut on the planet. Meanwhile, a travel agent in Kolkata, Anish Dasgupta, and his wife Soma have bought a one acre plot each on the moon. They paid only 50 U.S dollars each for the plot. Among the 1,140,000 people who have bought land on the moon are two former US Presidents, NASA officials and leading movie stars. The transactions were done through the websites of some agencies of the Lunar Republic Society. The "land-owners" have been provided with an official sale deed and a map of the land they individually own. The sale deed has the owner's name in golden letters. Right now, the owners can only enframe the sale deed and map and hang them in their drawing room, while a chance to stand on the plot they have bought will remain a distant dream! In 1979, the United Nations adopted the Moon Treaty, according to which certain regions of the planet could be offered for sale. In 1999, which marked the 30th anniversary of man's landing on the moon, the Lunar Republic Society was formed. By now, some 200 countries, including India, are members of the Society.



A SPECIAL BABY

Would the birth of a baby be a historical event? Yes, when it is a male, when it takes place in Japan and when it happens in the royal family. The Imperial House Law passed in 1889 prohibits a female member of the royal family from ascending the throne which, for the last 2,600 years, had been occupied by only a male descendant, except for a short period from 1763 when Japan was ruled by Empress Gosakuramachi. When Emperor Hirohito passed away in 1989, he was succeeded by the present ruler Emperor

Akihito. A son was born to him in 1960; he is the Crown Prince Naruhito, who contemplated a change in the law so that his daughter could succeed him, especially when his younger brother Prince Akishino had two daughters born in 1991 and 1994. When his wife, Princess Kiko, became an expectant mother, the nation prayed that she would deliver a male child to succeed the Crown Prince. The prayers seem to have been answered when on September 6, a male baby was born to Princess Kiko. This child is now third in the line of succession. Isn't he, therefore, a special child?

KALEIDOSCOPE



MY BEST DIWALI

Last year some days before Diwali, I started pestering my mother for fireworks and crackers. My mother agreed and gave me a budget of 500 rupees. The day before Diwali, my mother agreed to take me to the market. So, in the evening I got ready. On our way, being a generous lady, Mother wanted to meet old and invalid Mrs. Sinha and offer some delicacies she had made for Diwali. I knew Aunty Sinha gossips, telling mother of all her own woes. That day I simply sat down in a faraway corner to sulk.

Just then I saw her granddaughter, little Pinky, entering the house with a loadful of laundry in one hand and a bagful of vegetables in the other. My mother helped her to take the vegetables to the kitchen. Pinky came back and started sweeping. She was younger than I. I asked her, "Have you bought your Diwali toys?" She looked at me with a pair of eyes full of tiredness. I could almost feel the pain when she replied in a small voice, "We're not going to celebrate Diwali."

"Why not?" I asked. She answered in a sad voice, "We don't have money. The cost of grandma's medicines has shot up." She then resumed her work. I looked at her torn frock and sad face and decided to give her a frock as my Diwali gift.

Later, mother and I went to the market. I told mother that I would buy a frock for Pinky within the budget. She was surprised over my decision but said nothing. I bought a beautiful frock for Pinky and some crackers for myself with the money left.

That Diwali night, I came out into the colony. I had sent the frock and some sweets to Aunty Sinha and Pinky. Suddenly, I saw somebody waving to me. She came near and said "thank you" in a very happy voice. Her eyes were twinkling. A beautiful smile illumined her face. I realised that I had lit the brightest lamp that Diwali and it was still glowing on Pinky's face. - **Pratikshya Mishra (13), Orissa**



SCIENCE



From cars to dynamite, TVs to radios,
Science is there, wherever you go.
Exploding, fizzing, going all out,
Isn't exactly what science is about.
Think of a pencil; we take it for granted,
But it's still science, hard to be spotted.
Steramidopropyl dimethylamine is one,
Trying to figure it out will give you lots of fun!
Science is enjoyable, convenient, too,
Without it, what in the world could we do?
Science for good, science for bad,
They make us either happy or sad.

-Aravind Vijayaragavan (11), Toronto, Canada.

THE WIND

The wind that makes you close your eyes
And runs about through the beautiful skies
Gives you a pleasant feeling of joy
And tosses your kites like a small toy.
The wind that makes you laugh so loud
And pushes the birds and the big soft clouds
Takes away the warmth from all
And makes millions crouch like a ball.
O wind! Tell me, are you good or bad
'Cause you make thousands happy and a million sad
Some laugh "Ah! What a time we had."
O wind! Tell me, are you good or bad?

-Anuja (12), Kerteh, Malaysia





Mohan : Rohan, come, let's have a sword-fight.

Rohan (extending his hand, holding a pen) : Yes, let's start.

Mohan : But why are you holding a pen, instead of a sword?

Rohan : I want to defeat you, because the pen is mightier than the sword.

Naveen Bhat (14), Alike

Sam : What's the name of your youngest brother?

Daniel : I don't know; he can't talk yet.

Priyanka Maisnam (13) Manipur



Teacher : "I murdered my manager." Change the tense to future tense.

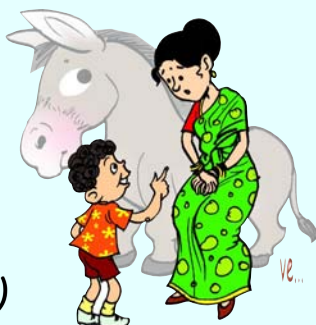
Student : You'll be arrested.

- Rakshith R. Ulival, Alike

Teacher : If I see a man beating a donkey and stopped him, what virtue would I be showing?

Student : Brotherly love.

Basurjit Maisman (10) Manipur



An old man was leading a donkey.

A naughty boy accosted him and said, "I salute you, O father of the donkey."

Old man : "May god bless you, my dear son."



Gokul : Dad, give me the car keys, please. I'm old enough to drive it.

Father : Oh, no! The car is

not old enough to be given.

Mayuri P.Awati (12), Belgaum

Museum curator : That's a 5,000 year old vase you've just broken.

Visitor : Thank god! I thought it was a new one.



Housewife : Is the milk pure?

Milkman : Of course. Every drop of water added to it has been filtered.

Karan G.U. (16) Gadag



PUZZLES

BOTTLES OF SQUASH

There are 21 bottles. Of these, 7 are filled with squash; another 7 are half-filled; the remaining ones are empty. Distribute these to Gokul, Naveen and Ramu in such a way that each of them gets an equal number of bottles with an equal quantity of the drink.

Mayuri P.Awati, Belgaum

RIDDLES

1. What is the end of everything?
2. What comes once in a year but twice in a week? - **S.Vanishree(13), Avadi, Chennai**
3. If the father's name is John, what will be his son's name?

-M.R.Ganesh Kumar (11)
Thiruninravur



4. The man goes with a bag. What fruits are there in the bag?



5. What will happen if you put a small piece of wood in a pool of water?

-Karthik Bhushan (13), Udupi



6. Which is the happiest among flowers?
7. Which newspaper do cavemen read?

- Murugesh P., Alike

CROSSWORD

Earth is full of different kinds of energies. Find ten kinds in the grid below:

E	L	E	C	T	R	I	C	A	L
M	B	S	L	R	V	T	W	A	A
L	A	C	I	M	E	H	C	K	I
N	K	I	N	E	T	I	C	D	T
C	Q	Y	A	J	N	O	U	W	N
I	S	O	L	A	R	Z	X	I	E
T	A	E	H	Y	D	R	O	N	T
B	P	C	E	C	N	D	K	D	O
J	E	H	L	F	G	O	I	M	P
M	H	N	U	C	L	E	A	R	G

- Mayuri P.Awati, Belgaum

Ramu gets one full bottle, 5 half-bottle and one empty.
Naveen gets 3 full bottles, one half-bottle, and 3 empty;
Gokul gets 3 full bottles, one half bottle, and 3 empty;

ANSWER TO BOTTLES OF SQUASH:

1. The letter 'g', 2. The letter 'e', 3. Johnson, 4. Mangoes, 5. The piece of wood will get wet, 6. Gladiolus, 7. Pre-historic Times.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES:

M	H	N	U	C	L	E	A	R	G
J	E	H	L	F	G	O	I	M	P
B	P	C	E	C	N	D	K	D	O
T	A	E	H	Y	D	R	O	N	T
I	S	O	L	A	R	Z	X	I	E
C	Q	Y	A	J	N	O	U	W	N
N	K	I	N	E	T	I	C	D	T
L	A	C	I	M	E	H	C	K	I
M	B	S	L	R	V	T	W	A	A
E	L	E	C	T	R	I	C	A	L

**SOLUTION TO
CROSSWORD:**



TRUE COURAGE IN VOICING OPINION



**PRESIDENT
JEFFERSON DAVIS**

Union and the southern states as Confederacy. A Civil war continued between the two camps until the southern Confederacy was broken.

But that important historical event is not the subject of this feature. We are referring to a brief dialogue between the President of the Confederacy, Mr. Jefferson Davis, and the Commander-in-Chief of his army, General Robert Lee.

One day the President summoned the General and informed him that the topmost post in a very important department had fallen vacant. He named a certain person, let us call him Mr. X, and asked General Lee, "As you know, the man to head that department must be absolutely honest, upright and courageous. Do you think Mr. X would be suitable for that position? I'll be guided by your opinion; send him the order of appointment only if you approve of my choice."

The President's secretary smiled meaningfully,

What we know today as the United States of America was divided into two camps during 1861 and 1865. The two sides fought with each other on the question of slavery - whether to retain the tradition or to abolish it. The northern states that championed the abolition ideal were known as the

looking at General Lee. The secretary was certain that General Lee would not consent to the proposal, though the post would mean the crowning glory for Mr. X.

"To be frank, Sir, you could not have made a better choice for the post. Mr. X, indeed, is the right man. At this critical juncture we need an executive like him. He will never let down our cause," was General Lee's response.

"Oh good God!" exclaimed the President's secretary.

"What's the matter?" demanded General Lee, while President Davis, quite curious, kept staring at his secretary.

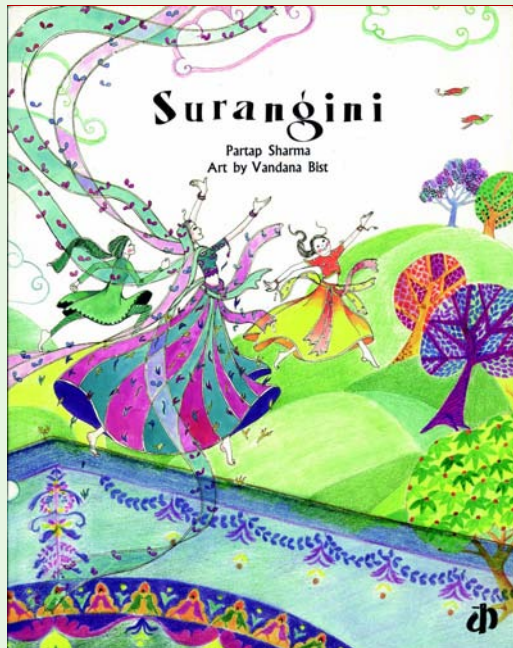
"Well, General," said the secretary, "I must tell you that Mr. X never speaks a good word about you. Whenever there is an opportunity, he bursts forth against you, dabbing you as proud, pompous and even inefficient! And you approve of his name for that prestigious position!"

"I know. But, Mr. Secretary, the President asked me about my opinion of Mr. X, not Mr. X's opinion of me!" was the truly honest and brave General's explanation.



**GENERAL
ROBERT LEE**

(M.D.)



AN ENTHRALLING STORY

Surangini, by Partap Sharma, Katha, Rs.120

The enchanting fabric of this story has realism for its warp and fantasy for weft. The story takes us back in time when suitors sometimes had to exhibit considerable prowess or extraordinary skill if the bride did not wish to choose her partner on the basis of his wealth and status.

Surangini, the embodiment of beauty and virtue, one may add, considering the fact that she "refused to be parted from her little brothers and sister" whom she had looked after ever since their mother died, is loved deeply by Kalu, a carpet weaver. He ostensibly stands no chance of winning Surangini's fair hand for, as the daughter of a rich zamindar, many were

her eligible suitors. But his robust optimism, weaving skill, and quick-wit helped him achieve his end. Also, the loyalty of grateful friends who stepped in to help Kalu at a crucial time.

The book highlights certain facts in a most colourful and interesting way:

☐ Love and concern are greater values than material prosperity. "Kalu shared everything he earned with those who were in need, while he himself remained poor."

☐ Though Surangini was the daughter of "a rich and powerful zamindar, and she had many servants and maids in the house, she did as much work as she could herself". When the maid's earthen pot broke, Surangini "held out her own pot of beaten gold to the woman and said softly, 'Here, take mine. There are many more at home.'"

☐ When there is total dedication in creating a thing of beauty, everything else fades into the background. Kalu's obsessive love for Surangini is matched by his untiring skill in weaving, captured in its exquisite pattern the glowing image of the girl and her manifold charms.

☐ Wisdom gains priority over many values: Pahadi Baba, the bandit turned story-teller, is willing to part with one sapphire from his belt for every good tale that is told.

It cannot be denied that the book reads so well because of Vandana Bist's brilliant illustrations which bring to life the story in a most enthralling way. The book without the art-work would be like a rainbow without two of its colours or perhaps even three.

- Kalyani Davidar

NUTRINE CONTEST-1



Take a close look at the Nutrine advertisement on the back cover. Keep the magazine aside and find out the ingredients of Maha Lacto in the advt. Write down the answer on a piece of paper, add your name, date of birth, class, name of school, and complete home address with PINcode and send it to **Chandamama India Ltd.,** 82 Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai 600 097, before October 31.



India's largest selling sweets and toffees.

An attractive prize* awaits you.

*Conditions apply

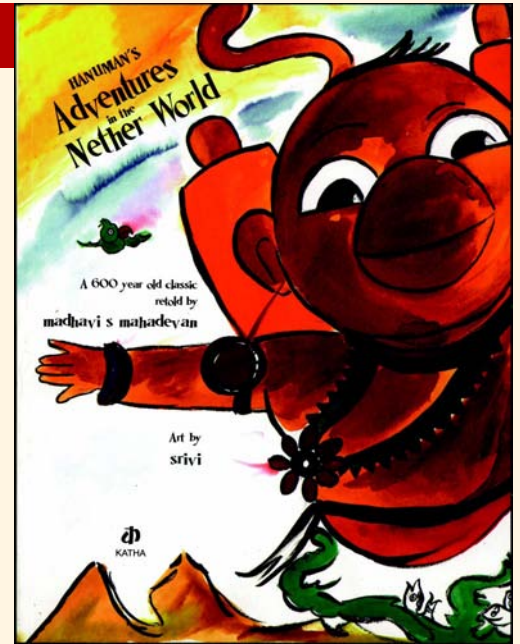
AN UNDERWATER CAPER

Hanuman's Adventures in the Nether World
by Madhavi S Mahadevan, Katha, Rs. 175

Ravana, the King of Lanka, is desperate. The fierce war he has been fighting with Rama and Lakshmana and their army of *vanaras* has taken its toll. He has lost his brothers, his sons and his kinsmen in the battle, and the enemy is now at his gates. It is a decisive situation, calling for desperate measures. And Ravana takes one. He summons his younger brother, Mayil Ravana – a powerful sorcerer who rules Pataala Lanka, a kingdom in the nether-world – and seeks his help to get rid of Rama and Lakshmana.

Mayil Ravana does not disappoint his brother. With his incomparable magic powers he breaches the security cordon created by Rama's ace lieutenant, the *vanara* hero Hanuman, and spirits away Rama and Lakshmana from under his very nose! He then takes them away to his impregnable fortress, which can be entered only through the stem of a lotus growing in the middle of the ocean!

With their leaders gone, the *vanaras* are in despair. It is left to the dazed Hanuman to wake up to the urgency of the situation and set out on a rescue mission, which he alone has the power to accomplish! Follow him in a series of exciting adventures as he sets out to enter Pataala Lanka and match his wits against the wily sorcerer. The book, written in racy style, makes an interesting read for pre-teens and older children (as younger children may find the language slightly too advanced). The vibrant illustrations by Srivi aka Srisrividhiya K add to the beauty of the book. - **Rajee Raman**



THE BAD SALESMAN...

Rohit was a clerk in a small drugstore but he was not much of a salesman. He could never find the item the customer wanted. Ranjit, the owner, had about enough and warned Rohit that the next sale he missed would be his last. Just then a man came in coughing and he asked Rohit for their best cough syrup. Try as he might Rohit could not find the cough syrup. Remembering Ranjit's warning, he sold the man a box of Ex-Lax and told him to take it all at once. The customer did as Rohit directed and then walked outside

and leaned against a lamp post. Ranjit had seen the whole thing and came over to ask Rohit what had transpired. "He wanted something for his cough but I couldn't find the cough syrup. I substituted Ex-Lax and told him to take it all at once" Rohit explained. "Ex-Lax won't cure a cough!" Ranjit shouted angrily. "Sure it will," Rohit said, pointing at the man leaning on the lamp post. "Just look at him. He's afraid to cough!"



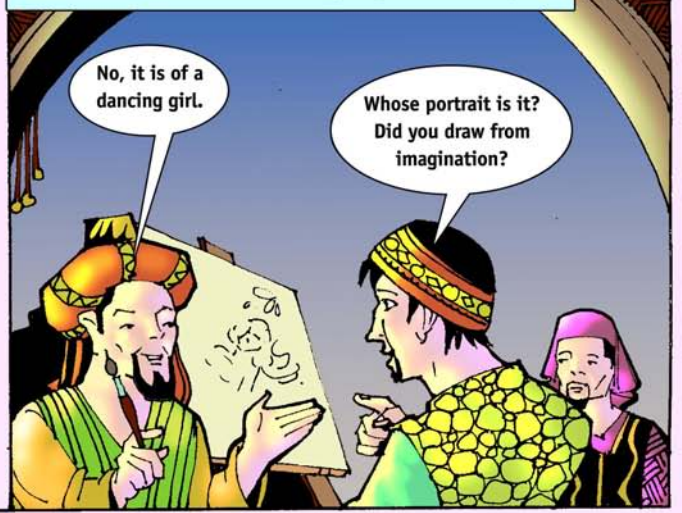
A young man was visiting his friend. A portrait on the wall attracted him much.



The young man went to his friend's house again the next day.



The friends called on the artist. The young man made enquiries.



The young man was keen to meet the dancing girl. He set out for Kashmir.



It took him many days to reach Kashmir. He stayed in an inn.



The young man struck up friendship with the courtier. One day...



In the next few days, the young man located the residences of the minister and the dancing girl.



One day, the young man was invited to watch a performance.



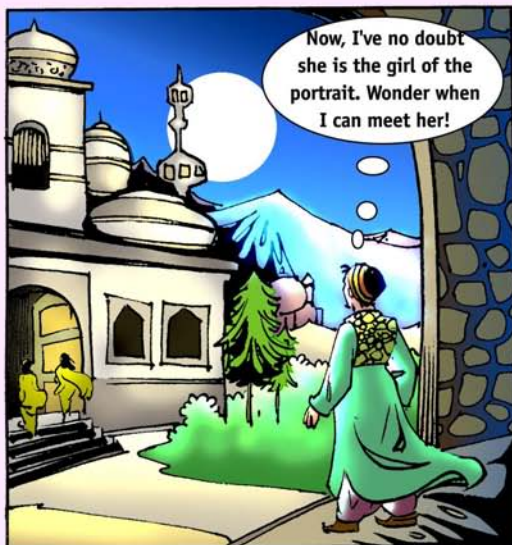
One more dance, please, for the sake of my friend.

I hope you liked the performance.



She dances beautifully. And the girl is really lovely looking.

Now, I've no doubt she is the girl of the portrait. Wonder when I can meet her!



Before long, it was a stormy night. Sharp winds and sleet struck the city. The young man, dressed as a bandit, holding a dagger, made his way to the dancing girl's apartment, at the rear of the minister's residence.

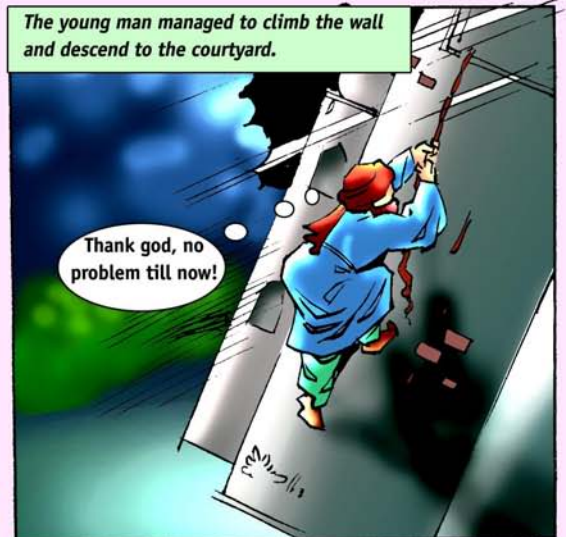


Lucky, there were no watchmen out.



Who would expect thieves and bandits on such a night!

The young man managed to climb the wall and descend to the courtyard.



Thank god, no problem till now!

The young man peeped through a window and saw the girl fast asleep.



There was a loud thunder.



The young man gave a violent push to the door and entered the bedroom.



The dancing girl did hear the door being opened and woke up.



She now saw the dagger in his hand. Fear made her dumb for some time.



The young man went back to his inn and waited for the storm to subside. He now dressed himself like a holy man.



He was granted an audience by the king.



... last night. The gates were already shut. You know there was a strong gale. I took shelter under a rock when I saw three witches, one riding a broomstick, the other a black cat...



... and a third one on a wine jar. I chanted an incantation which scared them. I caught hold of one of them by her hair and cut off a lock...



... and pulled out her necklace. Here they are!

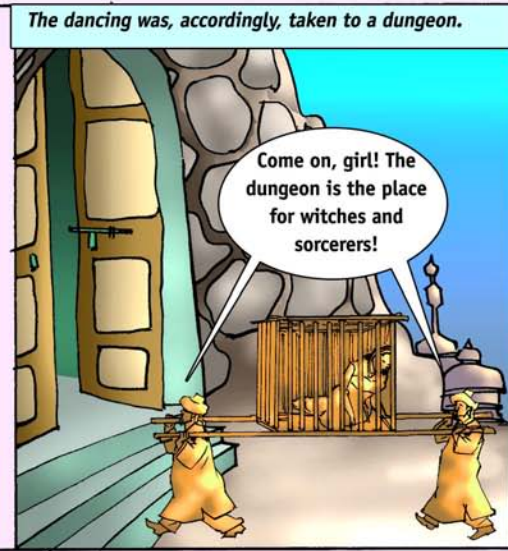


The king was highly impressed.



The king recognised the necklace. He turned to his minister.





GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

Aswini and Revanta looked at each other. One of them said, "O princess, you're a beauty non-pareil. You might have been obliged to marry the old sage in some unusual circumstance. Such a marriage need not be binding on you. We are Aswini and Revanta. Why not marry one of us?"

"Since you are godly beings, you should be able to know the truth if you try. Nobody had compelled me to marry the sage. I married him of my own free will. I feel honoured to serve him and help him in his Yoga. What you say is improper. Don't repeat it, unless you aren't afraid of being cursed," said Sukanya in a stern voice.

"We're sorry," said the two brothers. "As a penalty for our improper conduct, we offer you a boon: we'll transform Sage Chyavan into a youthful man. For that to be possible, he should have a dip with us in the lake."

Sukanya asked them to wait and went to her hut and put forth their proposal before Chyavan. He had no objection to having the boon. He went along with Sukanya and met the two brothers.

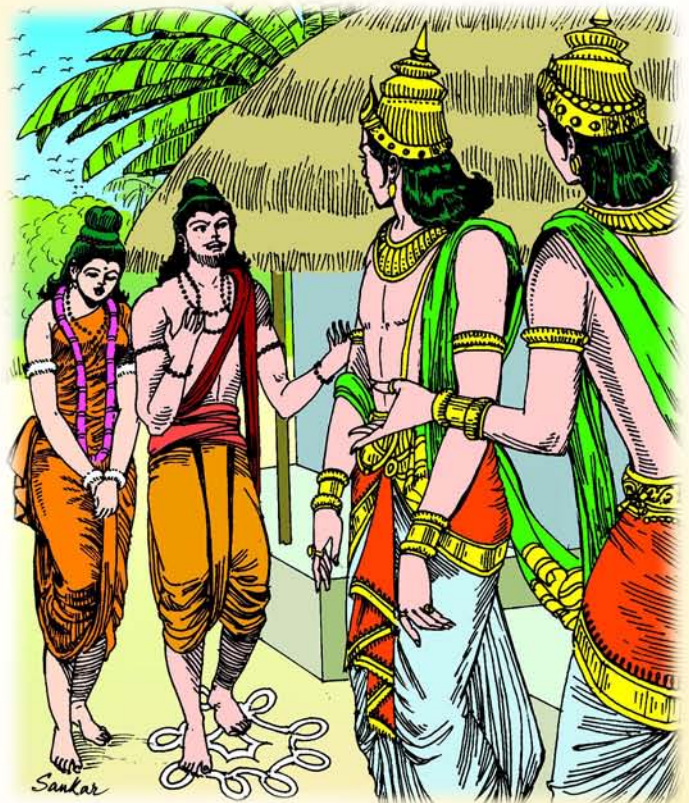
Aswini and Revanta led him to a lake. Before taking the dip, they told Sukanya, "When we emerge from the water, you take hold of your husband and go home."

They had the dip and came out of the lake. Only then did Sukanya understand the significance of what the clever youths had said before the dip. All the three now looked handsome—and all looking exactly the same! It was impossible to know who was who.

Sukanya at once closed her eyes and concentrated on the Divine Mother. "I must not go wrong in identifying my husband, O Mother!" she said. She opened her eyes and knew who among the three was Chyavan. She held him by the hand. The two gods were amazed.

"You've done me a good turn. What can I do for you?" asked Chyavan.

"O great sage, Indra never lets us have a taste of the



celestial drink, Soma. Can you kindly get it for us?" asked the brothers.

"The Soma can be had only during the performance of a Yajna. I shall perform a Yajna for King Saryati. I shall offer you the drink on that occasion," said Chyavan. The two brothers left for their abode happily.

A few days later King Saryati and his queen paid a visit to their daughter. The queen saw Sukanya talking to a young man. She was surprised. Where had the old sage gone? Who was this young man?

Sukanya fell into her mother's arms and narrated all that had happened to them. The joy of the king and the queen knew no bounds.

Soon thereafter the king performed a Yajna under the direction of Sage Chyavan. Duly invoked, the gods came there.

32. A TRICK PLAYED ON SUKANYA

At the time for the distribution of the soma, Chyavan gave a share of it to Aswini and Revanta. "Don't do so!" cried out Indra. But Chyavan ignored his warning. Soon a quarrel broke out between the two. The furious Indra applied his thunderbolt to crush the sage. But the sage rendered the thunder ineffective by his spiritual power.

Then it was Chyavan's turn to create a terrible being named Kritya out of the flames of the Yajna.

As Kritya was about to pounce upon Indra, Brihaspati, the guru of the gods, advised Indra to make peace with the sage.

Indra did so and the Sage recalled Kritya.

Long long ago, there was a king named Arun who hailed from the Surya dynasty. He had a son named Satyavrata. As the boy grew up, he proved to be the cause of the king's sorrow. The prince had become notorious as a mischief-maker. One day a number of Brahmins complained to the king about the prince's cruelty towards them. The king grew furious. He summoned Satyavrata and ordered him to leave his country.

"Where do I go?" asked the prince.

"An evil youth like you does not deserve to live in any human locality. The forest is the place for you. Go and live amidst the beasts."

The Rajguru Sage Vasishtha supported the king's

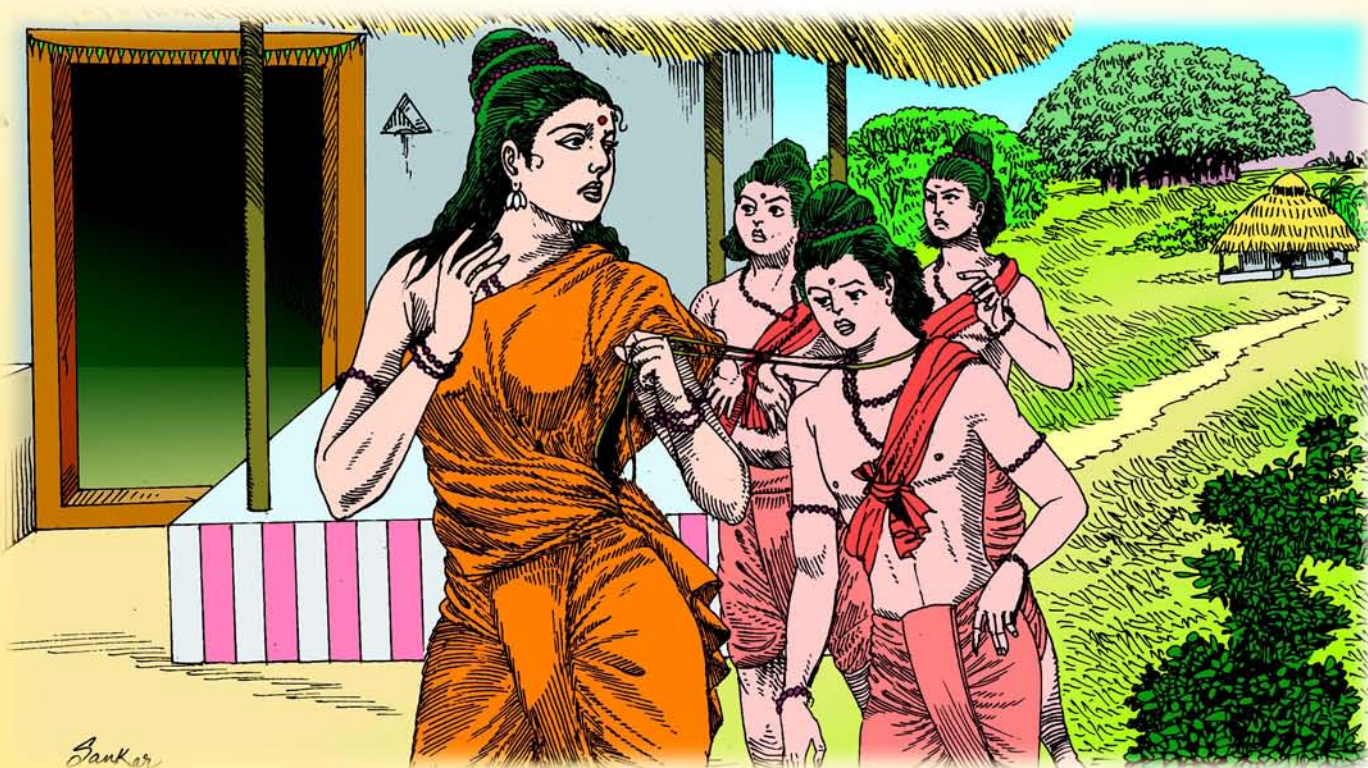
decision. The prince had no other option than to leave for the forest. After the prince left, the king grew very remorseful. He realised that the people of his kingdom had become sinful. There was no peace or amity in the atmosphere. He decided to spend time in the forest so that he could ardently pray to God to change the situation.

The king left for the forest. Soon afterwards the country was threatened by a famine as there had been no rain for a long time.

In the forest lived the family of Sage Viswamitra. The sage was away in some unknown place, engrossed in a trance. His wife and three sons faced great difficulty as there was nobody to look after them. The lady did her best to collect roots and fruits for the boys, but her efforts yielded little result.

She went to meet the king, but found that the king was not there. It was the Rajguru, Vasishtha, who was managing the affairs of the kingdom. She did not feel like telling him of her woes, as she knew that the relation between him and her husband was not good.

One day her sons were crying for food. She took a grim decision. "Let me sell one of them to a rich man in the town. While he will be provided with food, with the price I receive I can feed the other two," she told herself and began dragging her second son. **(To continue)**



Sankar



LAUGH TILL YOU DROP!

Humour is, by its nature, more truthful than factual.

- P.J. O'Rourke



Thief: Quickly hand over your purse! I have a gun.

Lady: Here take it.

Thief: Ha! Ha! There are no bullets in my gun.

Lady: Ha! Ha! There's no money in my purse!



A man was trying to console his bride, who was crying like crazy: "Darling, believe me, I never said you are a bad cook. I just pointed out the fact that our garbage disposal has developed an ulcer".

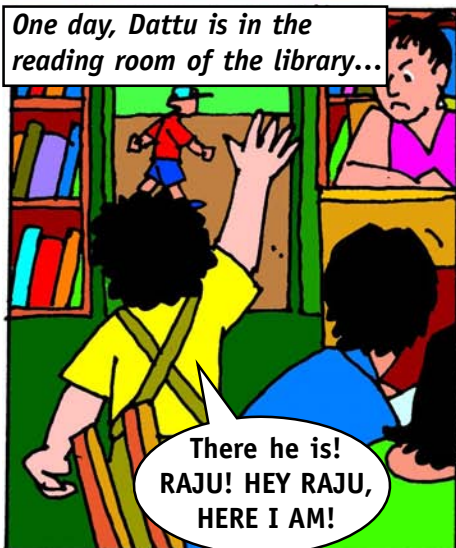
The man approached a very beautiful woman in a large supermarket and asked, "You know, I've lost my wife here in the super market. Can you keep talking to me for a couple of minutes?" "Why?"

"Because, every time I talk to a beautiful woman, my wife appears out of nowhere."



DUSHTU DATTU

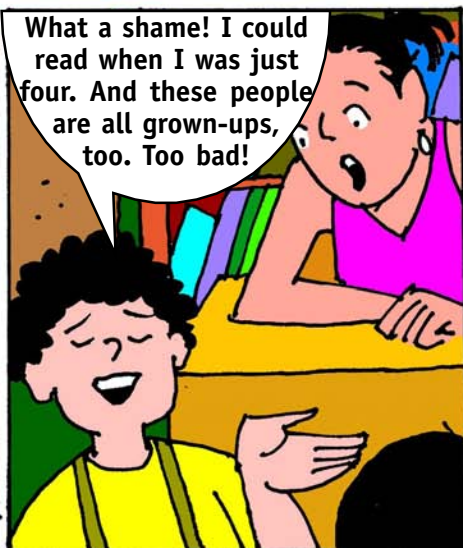
One day, Dattu is in the reading room of the library...



The librarian sternly intervenes.



What a shame! I could read when I was just four. And these people are all grown-ups, too. Too bad!



WHEN UNCLE MOON RECEIVED HIS FIRST GUEST



NEIL ARMSTRONG

Four hundred years ago, there lived a pompous English gentleman. His name was Sir Paul Neal and he was a member of the Royal Society. One day he jubilantly declared that he had discovered an elephant in the moon. The startling announcement created a tremendous stir.

People of that bygone era began to wonder whether the enigma that was the moon would be solved at last! Alas, it was soon to be found that our puffed-up observer of the starry sky had only seen a wee little mouse that had lost its way and crept into his telescope!

The age-old riddle of the moon remained unsolved, but not for very long. In 1961, President John F. Kennedy of the United States of America dreamed "of landing a man on the moon and returning him safely to the earth" before the onset of the next decade. It was indeed a formidable goal. So the "sweet regent of the sky" became the concern of everyone and the object of the most intensive scientific and technological effort in history. As hundreds of

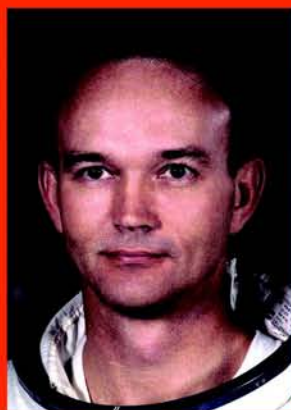
thousands of persons and thousands of industrial firms endeavoured night and day, a whole nation mobilised her resources for man's greatest adventure and voyage of discovery.

As the day dawned on July 16, 1969, almost a million people from all walks of life gathered on the highways and beaches near the Kennedy Space Centre in Florida. They all patiently awaited with bated breath the momentous event. "Squinting in the searing sun, shielding eyes with hands as if in mass salute, they cheered, cried, laughed, or stood in silent awe—many with fingers crossed—as the silver bird took wing and hurled three men toward the moon."

The towering spacecraft, Apollo 11, had finally roared heavenwards with a blazing trail of flame and smoke. It encompassed more than five million separate parts and was powered by the mighty Saturn V rocket whose five engines were the most forceful in the world, gulping almost 15 tons of kerosene and liquid oxygen a second



EDWIN ALDRIN



MICHAEL COLLINS

and generating a thrust of about 7.5 million pounds. It was a flawless and "spectacularly beautiful" lift-off.

In this supersonic space vehicle journeyed three daring astronauts: Neil A. Armstrong, the commander of this great expedition, Edwin E. Aldrin, Jr., also known by his childhood nickname "Buzz", the pilot of the lunar module, and Michael Collins, who piloted the command module. They were all out to seek the moon, a quarter of a million miles away where no humans had ever ventured before.

Slowly the Saturn V rocket engines separated and dropped off one after another boosting Apollo 11 to higher and higher altitudes and finally hurling it into a circular orbit around the moon. Armstrong and Aldrin made their way through a tunnel from Columbia, the command module, to the attached lunar vehicle called *the Eagle*. The two spacecraft then slowly undocked and drew apart. While Michael Collins continued in his orbit all alone, the Eagle fired its descent rocket and the spacecraft plunged towards the face of the enigmatic moon.

"*The Eagle* has wings!" exclaimed Neil Armstrong, and Collins pictured the spacecraft from the mother ship, Columbia, thus: "It looked more like a praying mantis than a first-class flying machine, but it was a beautiful piece of machinery."

Suddenly it was discovered that the two astronauts in the lunar module were fast heading towards a huge crater ringed with heavy, frightening boulders and rocks. The intended landing site, named the Sea of Tranquillity, lay some distance away. The spacecraft's all important computers flashed the

danger signals. Vital communication link with the control room in Houston on the earth was snapping at intervals. This unheard of landing was the trickiest and the most dangerous stage of the whole mission. One tiny error might be the end of it and the end of a great dream of man.

But Neil Armstrong did not reveal to the controllers on the earth about the danger that lay ahead of them. Instead, with a cool mind and all his experience he tried to steer the spidery craft clear of imminent disaster. *The Eagle* halting its gradual drop suddenly picked up a forward speed. This was not according to plan. A red light abruptly flashed on the space vehicle's instrument panel. The Mission Control, too, received an ominous warning. The lunar module's descent fuel had almost exhausted, only five per cent was all that was left of it. That is to say, the crew had only ninety-four seconds to land on the moon or give up the attempt and return home.

The clock ticked away. Only sixty seconds now remained that would spell the fate of this great human endeavour. Will it be a success or failure? Every man in the control room on the earth held his breath. The spacecraft was slowly moving forward and gradually descending. Time was fast running out and one wished it ran out slower.

"Thirty seconds," announced an astronaut from the capsule communicator in Houston.

"Get it down, Neil! Get it down!" George Hage, the Mission Director of Apollo 11, was seen pleading silently.

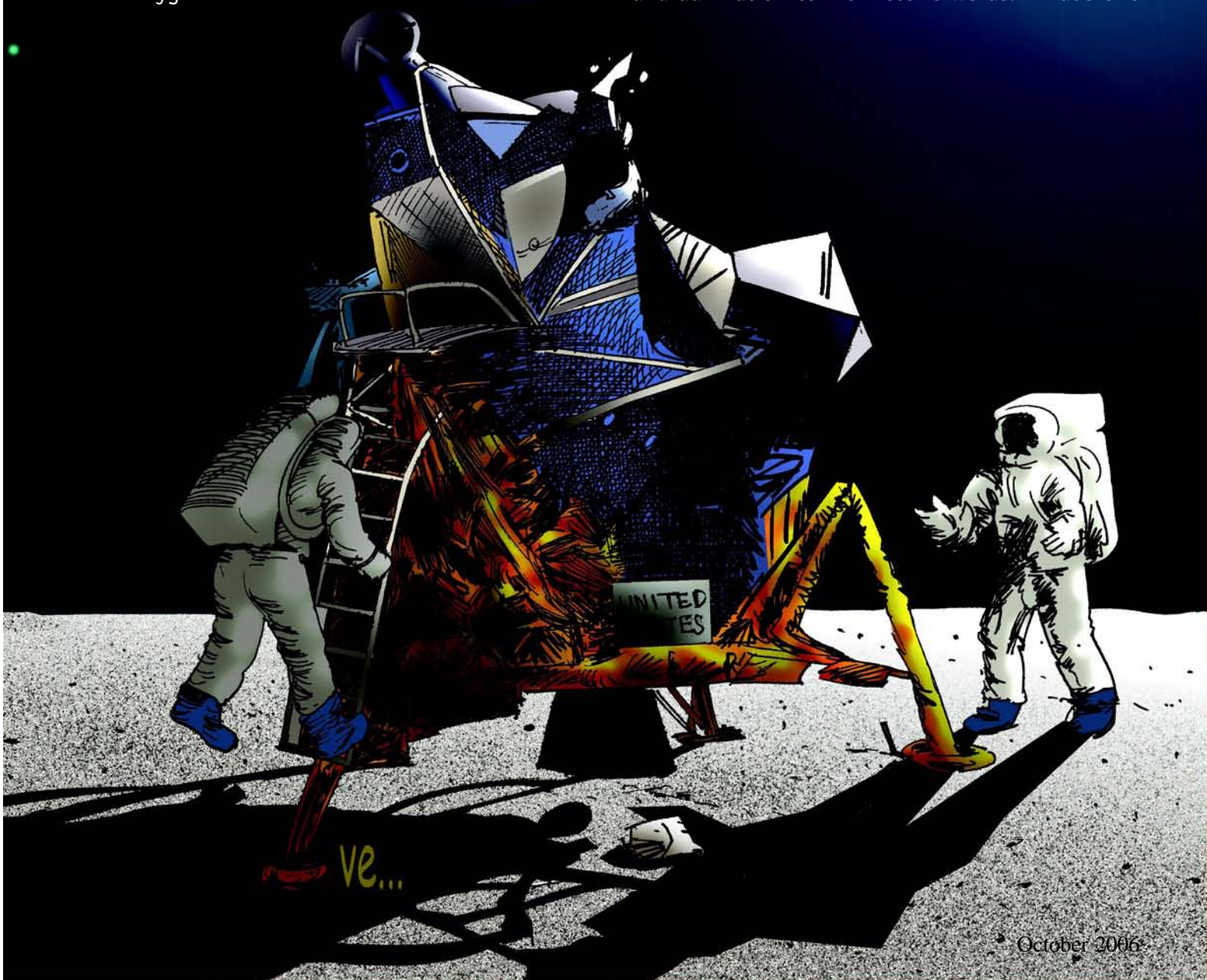
At last, with just fifteen seconds of fuel

remaining, the long awaited magic words echoed. "Tranquillity Base here. *The Eagle* has landed!" exclaimed Neil Armstrong as the spacecraft gracefully settled on the moon. It was Sunday, July 20, 1969.

Now the astronauts prepared to step on to the lunar surface. Seventy miles above them, their crew member Michael Collins orbited in his command module, keeping a vigil and patiently waiting for his colleagues to complete their mission so that he could take them back home. They donned themselves in special suits and a remarkable backpack known as PLSS, portable life support system, which would provide cooling water, electric power, communications, and oxygen outside the lunar module.

Almost six-and-a-half hours after *the Eagle* had landed, its hatchway opened and the commander of Apollo 11, Neil Armstrong, slowly backed out of its little porch. Down the ladder he carefully descended onto the craft's footpad and then he stepped on the virgin soil, implanting man's first footprint on the surface of the moon.

A moment later the whole world listened in awe and admiration to his historic words: "That's one



small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."

Soon thereafter Aldrin too joined his colleague on the lunar surface. "Beautiful! Beautiful! Magnificent desolation!" he exclaimed.

How would one feel moving about in the moon's gravity, only one-sixth as powerful as the earth's? In fact, the surface was fine and powdery and there was absolutely no trouble walking around. The two astronauts frolicked about like colts and little white rabbits. They even tried two-legged Kangaroo jumps but it proved tiring. With both feet in the air most of the time, they loped, ran with easy long strides, covering six to eight feet each step. They looked as if floating in slow motion, "at times they seemed in their bulky suits like dancing bears; at times they were marionettes".

"Isn't it fun?" asked an excited Armstrong of his companion.

They gathered the dark lunar soil and several varieties of rock samples. They set up a host of scientific instruments, solar wind experiment, and a seismometer to detect moonquakes, laser reflector and many others. Both together planted their country's flag on the lunar surface and left a plaque bearing two drawings of the earth and an inscription which read: "Here men from planet earth first set foot upon the moon, July 1969 A.D. We came in peace for all mankind." They almost spent two and-a-half hours on the moon and now it was time to return home.

As the astronauts re-entered *the Eagle*, one of the backpacks accidentally struck a circuit breaker just inside and snapped its end off. Alas, it was a vital part required to blast off the spacecraft from the lunar surface. What should they do now?

High above Michael Collins orbiting in his command module had been the solar system's most isolated man, all this long patiently waiting for his friends to re-join him. "When the instant for lift-off from the moon arrives, I am like a nervous bride,"

he wrote. "...My secret terror for the last six months has been the thought of leaving Neil and Buzz on the moon and returning home alone; now I am within minutes of finding out the truth."

Fortunately, for the sake of safety almost everything in the Apollo 11 spacecraft could be executed in two or even more ways. The problem was soon solved with the help of a mere ball-point pen. The ascent engine was fired and *the Eagle* took off after about twenty-two hours on the moon. Now the lonely Mike Collins watched the return of his colleagues with great joy. From a speck of light, *the Eagle* rapidly grew in size as it neared the mother ship, Columbia, and grandly swung into position for the rendezvous. As soon as the two linked again, Collins floated headfirst into the tunnel between the two spacecraft and shook hands with his two friends.

Finally the three heroic men reunited in Columbia and began their sixty hour homeward journey. The spacecraft *Eagle* was abandoned to orbit indefinitely around the moon.

"I'll show you, I hope, how easy it is to spread some ham while I'm in zero g (gravity)," said the homeward bound beaming Aldrin to the people on the earth in a live telecast. He applied ham paste to a slice of bread hanging in mid-air in front of him. Then he just floated the sandwich across the cabin to one of his companions.

On July 24, 1969 the three astronauts had a successful re-entry into the earth as a fiery Columbia splashed on the blue Pacific Ocean near Hawaii. Then one by one as they emerged from the spacecraft, they were picked up by a hovering helicopter.

It was one of the most exciting and momentous adventures in history.

"We hope and think ...that this is the beginning of a new era, the beginning of an era when man understands the universe around him, and the beginning of the era when man understands himself," said Neil Armstrong in a voice filled with great emotion.

- AKD



FROM ORISSA

THE SEVEN SISTERS-IN-LAW

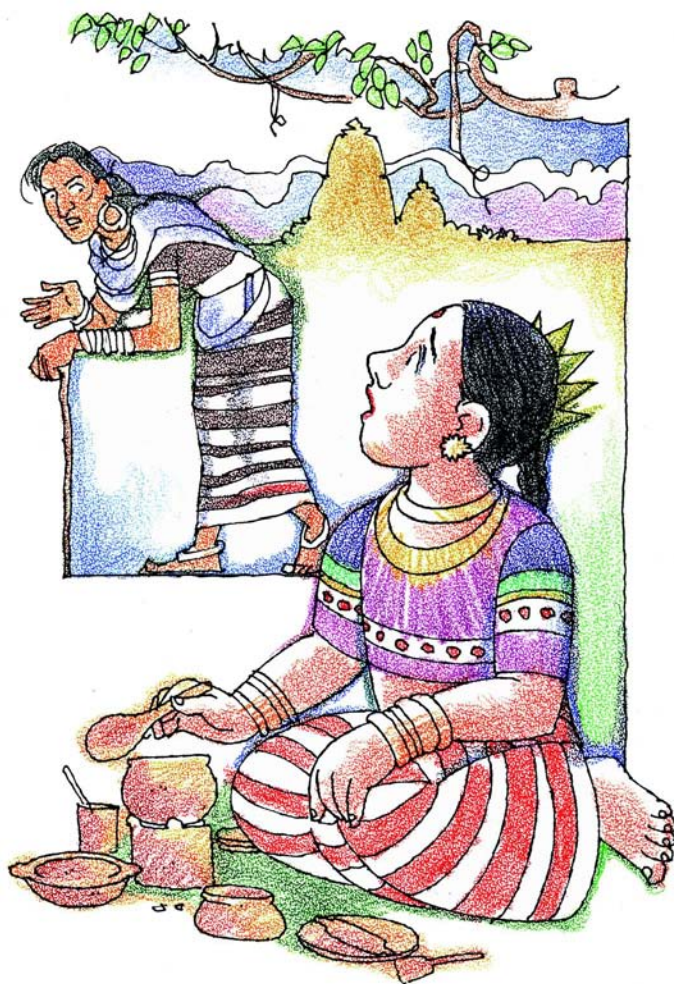
A wealthy trading merchant who owned ships had seven sons and a daughter. The sons were all married and helped their father in his trade. The trader, his wife, their sons and daughters-in-law, and their little daughter, all lived happily together in a large house. Tapoyi, being the youngest among them, was always the centre of attraction and received affection from everybody. Her father, especially, took care to meet every one of her desires. However, she never posed as the only daughter of a rich man and was happy to spend her time playing with her simple toys and dolls.

One day, Tapoyi was playing 'house-house' trying her hand at 'cooking' food in tiny earthen vessels. An old woman came that way, smiled at her and said, "Little girl, aren't you ashamed to play with clay dolls when your father has enough to get for you even a golden moon?"

Tapoyi stopped playing, left the earthen vessels on the ground, went inside and sat in a corner, silently trying to understand the import of the remarks of the old woman. What could be wrong in playing with clay dolls and toys? she argued with herself. What would she do with a golden moon even if her father were to procure one for her? She could at the most tell her friends that she possessed a golden moon! Would they feel jealous of her or would they only laugh at her?

When the womenfolk in the house found her sulking in a corner, they asked her what the matter was. But she kept her silence and they went away. However, her youngest sister-in-law, Neelendi, went up to her, sat with her on the floor and took her hands into hers. "Tapoyi, won't you talk to me? Tell me what your problem is, and I shall find a way to solve it. Come on, speak."

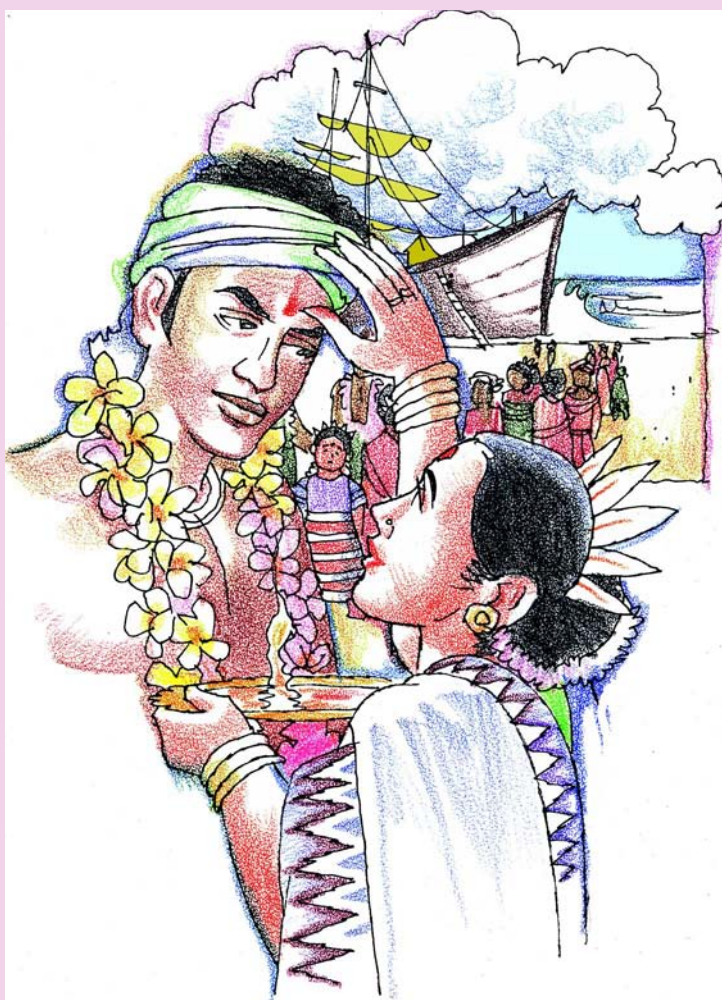
Tapoyi slowly turned her face to look at Neelendi and thought she could depend on her. "That old woman!



She mocked at me when she saw me playing with clay toys. She said, my father could get me a golden moon if I ever wanted one. Could I have one, *didi*?"

"So, that's your problem, eh? Well, well, I shall consult mother and she'll tell father. I'm sure, he'll get a golden moon for you. Don't worry, right now you continue playing with whatever toys and dolls you have." Neelendi gave her a pat and gently send her out of the room.

When the merchant came home and sat at lunch, his wife slowly broached Tapoyi's wish to him. He merely



smiled and said, “You send her to me while I’m resting.” The woman was happy that her husband did not get angry with or shout at Tapoyi.

He had hardly laid down on his cot when Tapoyi walked in. “Father, did you call me?”

Without questioning her how she got the idea of a golden moon, he merely asked, “How big should it be, Tapoyi? As big as your dinner plate?”

Tapoyi was now too shy to answer. “You want to play with it, don’t you? I know how big it should be.” He gave her an affectionate hug and said, “Now go and eat your food, there’s a good girl!”

An order was placed with the local goldsmith, who immediately began making a golden plate. Sadly, before it was ready, the merchant passed away due to sudden illness, and by the time it was handed over, Tapoyi’s mother, too, died. She did not have any more interest in playing with the golden moon when the whole family was plunged in grief. She was herself left with a nagging fear

whether her desire to own a golden moon had taken away her father and mother from her.

Once the funeral rites were over, the seven brothers began loading their father’s ship with merchandise. A day before they were to set sail, they called their wives together and told them they should be more affectionate to their little sister-in-law when her brothers were away. “Mind you she’s an orphan!”

The wives protested in one voice: “Why should you say that? How could she be an orphan when we’re there to look after her, and when you are all alive and will be back home once you’ve completed your mission? Don’t have any apprehension about her, you go with a carefree mind,” they all assured their husbands.

The next day, the seven women and Tapoyi, and the friends and well-wishers of the family crowded the beachside to see off the brothers, who were garlanded and had *tilak* put on their forehead to wish them godspeed and success. As the ship went out of sight, the womenfolk cried; Tapoyi shed copious tears.

For several days, the sisters-in-law treated Tapoyi with great affection and she was not grieving over the death of her parents any longer or missing her brothers. But that state of affairs was not everlasting.

One day, the eldest woman in the house heard a beggar asking for alms. She took some time to come out. It was an old woman. “How long have I been crying for some rice! Pity! No one in this large house was minding my cries! What happened to all the women here?”

The daughter-in-law said apologetically, “We’re all busy inside. Our young sister-in-law needs all attention.”

“Who? That chit of a girl? And you are all toiling to keep her happy! Is she of any help to you? You’ll be foolish to think she’ll have a good word about you to tell your husbands. You must put her to work.” The woman went closer and whispered, “I’ll tell you what to do. Send her to graze the sheep in the forest. Who knows she won’t be killed by a jackal or bitten by a snake? You can then explain that the girl had died of illness!”

After the woman had left, the eldest daughter-in-law went in and told the others of the old woman’s visit. All of them agreed to the woman’s suggestion. All, except

Neelendi. But alone, what could she do? From that day, Tapoyi's fate took a U-turn. She was given all sorts of chores; she could not satisfy her sisters-in-law who only found fault in whatever she did. They even denied her food. She often went to sleep on a half-empty stomach and a prayer on her lips, "O Mangaladevi! Please bring back my brothers soon!"

One day, her eldest sister-in-law called her and said, "Today, you take the sheep to the forest for grazing. Here's you lunch." Tapoyi controlled her tears. How could she walk up to the forest in the hot sun? After letting the sheep free, she opened the lunch packet only to find a handful of rice and sawdust for a side dish. She threw away the packet. In the evening she returned home hungry. It was a similar case for the next five days when the lunch was packed by the sisters-in-law in turn. All the five days, Tapoyi went home hungry. However on the seventh day, it was Neelendi who prepared the packet and Tapoyi had enough to eat.

Days and weeks passed by. Except on days when Neelendi prepared the lunch pack, all other days Tapoyi had to starve. As luck would have it, one evening, she found one kid missing from the herd. She looked for the little one everywhere. She called out her name; there was no response. It was getting dark and there were signs of an impending shower. So, Tapoyi abandoned her search and went home with the rest of the herd.

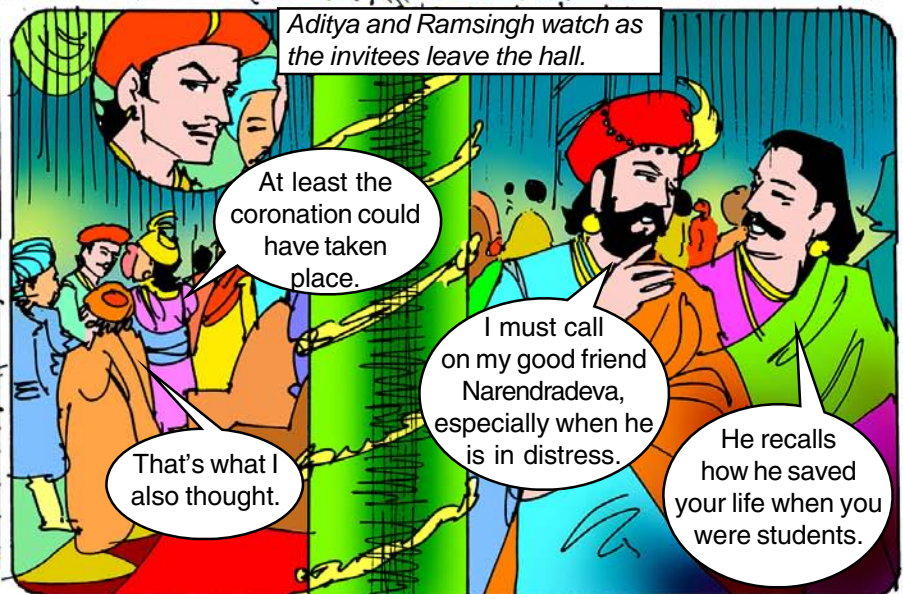
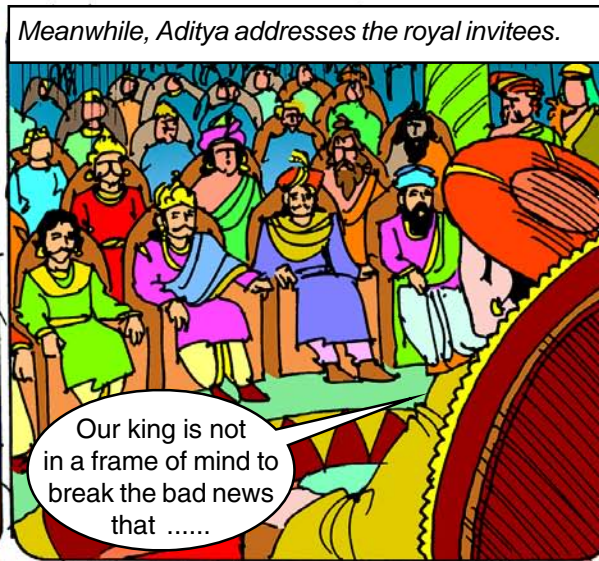
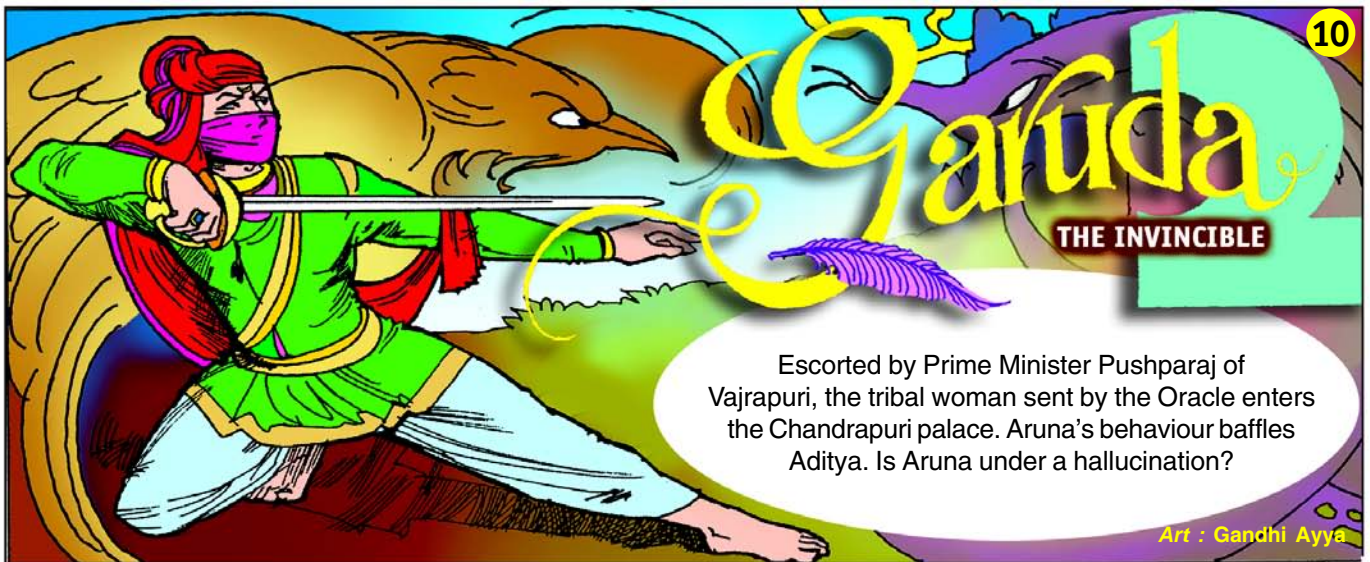
Her eldest sister-in-law was very angry with her and got hold of a stout firewood to beat her. Tapoyi got scared and ran out of the house and headed for the forest. It was pitch dark and Tapoyi cried aloud for goddess Mangaladevi. "O Mother saviour! Please be kind hearted! Please bring back my brothers. I can't suffer any more." She began crying aloud, every now and then invoking the blessings of Mangaladevi.

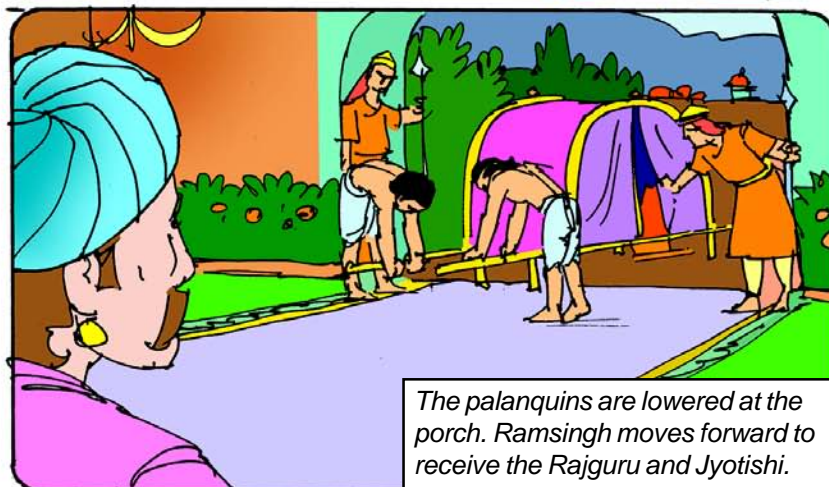
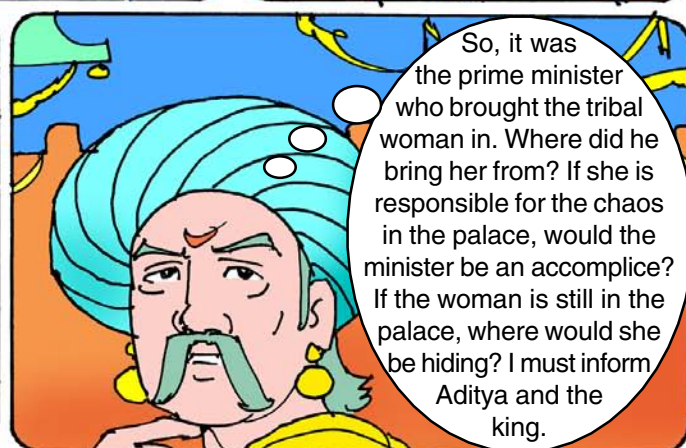
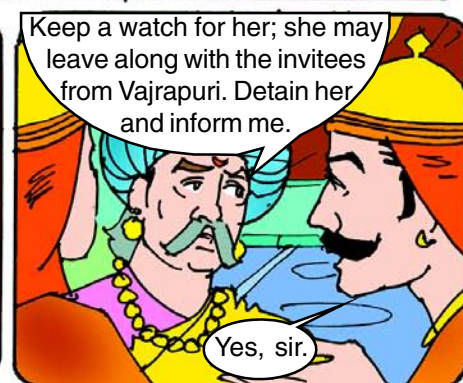
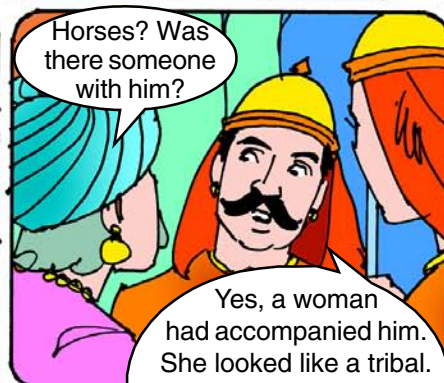
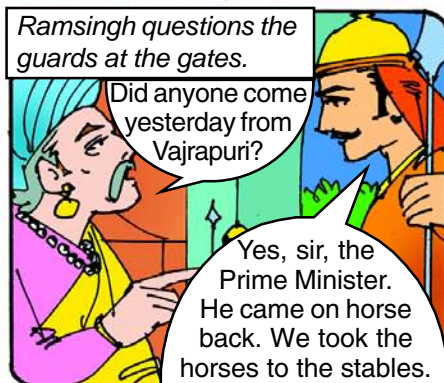
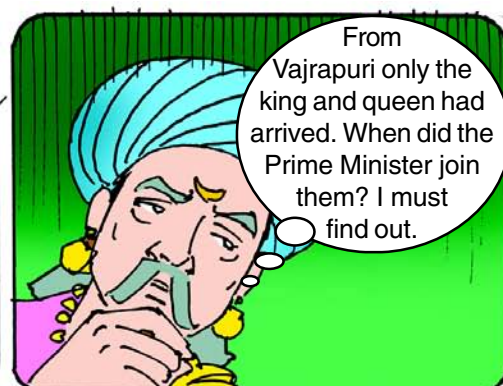
Fortunately for her, the ship which was bringing back the seven brothers was passing by the forest. They heard the cries of a girl. Who could it be crying at this hour and in the dark forest, they wondered. Two of the brothers left the ship and went into the forest from where they had heard the cries. They saw the girl but took some time to recognise her as their dear sister.

"Tapoyi! How come you're here in the forest?" they asked her. Tapoyi then narrated her plight. They consoled her and took her to their ship, where the other five brothers, too, received her with great affection. They realised how their wives, except Neelendi, had been unkind to their young sister-in-law. They decided to teach them a lesson.

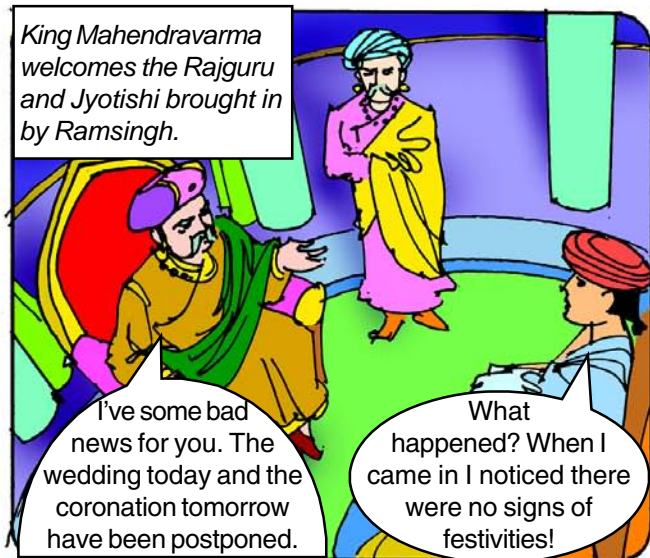
The news of the arrival of the ship next morning was greeted with excitement. All the seven women gathered at the beach to welcome their husbands. The eldest had already directed the others what to say if the brothers were to enquire about Tapoyi. They were, however, surprised to see the girl on the deck, all bedecked with ornaments and gorgeously dressed. The menfolk greeted their wives with an angry countenance. On reaching home, they gave many gifts to Neelendi, while the other six women received lashes from their husbands for ill-treating their young sister. For several days, the brothers treated Tapoyi like a princess.





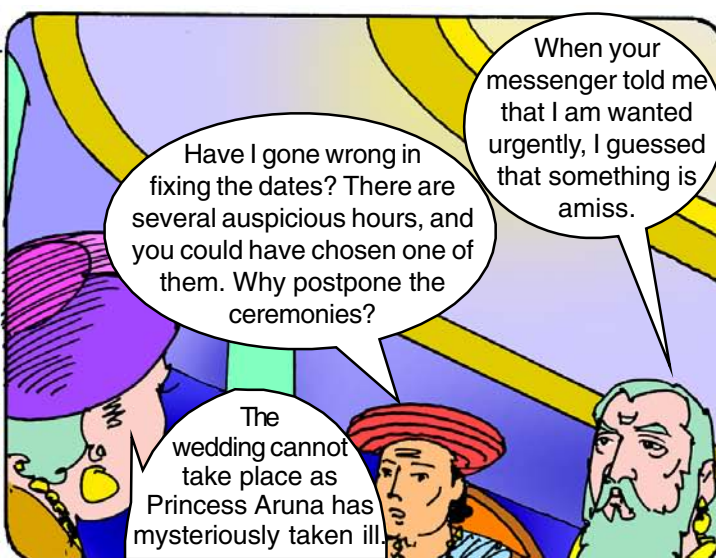


King Mahendravarma welcomes the Rajguru and Jyotishi brought in by Ramsingh.



I've some bad news for you. The wedding today and the coronation tomorrow have been postponed.

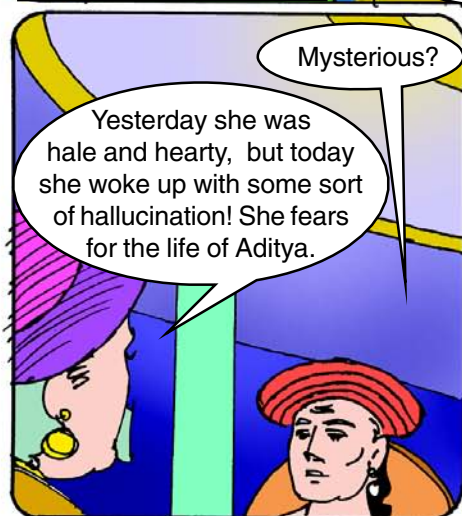
What happened? When I came in I noticed there were no signs of festivities!



Have I gone wrong in fixing the dates? There are several auspicious hours, and you could have chosen one of them. Why postpone the ceremonies?

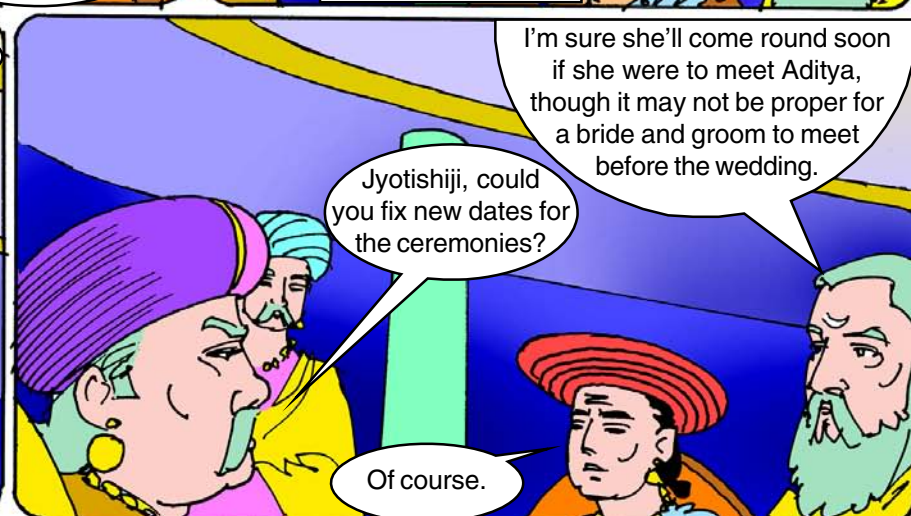
When your messenger told me that I am wanted urgently, I guessed that something is amiss.

The wedding cannot take place as Princess Aruna has mysteriously taken ill.



Mysterious?

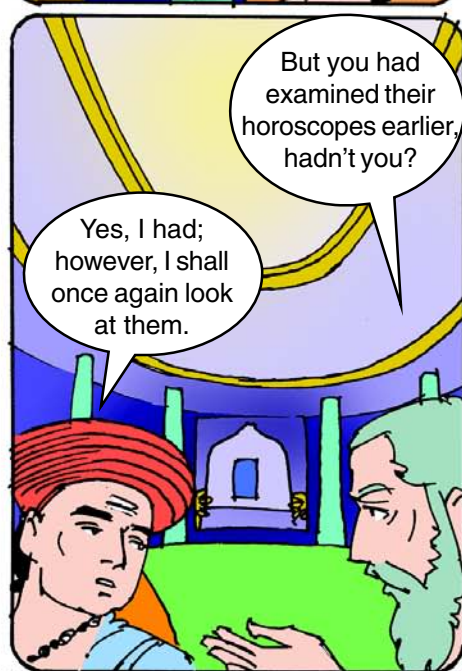
Yesterday she was hale and hearty, but today she woke up with some sort of hallucination! She fears for the life of Aditya.



I'm sure she'll come round soon if she were to meet Aditya, though it may not be proper for a bride and groom to meet before the wedding.

Jyotishiji, could you fix new dates for the ceremonies?

Of course.



But you had examined their horoscopes earlier, hadn't you?

Yes, I had; however, I shall once again look at them.



The Jyotishi opens a bundle of palm leaves and goes through them.

No, I can't find any hurdle to the wedding today. Anyway, let's wait till the princess gets out of her hallucination.

If the wedding does not take place today, there's no harm in Aruna meeting Aditya.



The wedding must precede the coronation.

That's a must.



CHANDAMAMA QUIZ ANSWERS

QUIZ - 7:

1. Panama was asked to transfer the control of Panama Canal Zone to the USA.
2. Khalji Sultan who ruled from Delhi from 1290. He assumed the title Iskander-i-Saani.
3. France.
4. It was one located in what was known as the Urdu Bazaar. During the days of Shah Jehan and Aurangzeb, people in the area spoke Urdu.
5. C.V. Raman. They are chemicals; he discovered them.
6. China. He was the last of the Manchu dynasty which ruled the country for 250 years. The end came in 1912.
7. Aditya.
8. Col. Percy Fawcett of the British Army who was sent on an expedition to Bolivia and Brazil by the Royal Geographical Society in 1906.
9. In Manipur - Lai Haroba



10. From the Japanese folk tale "*Thus the sea became salty*". Friends Suzu and Yamar. Precious stones were found in a cave.

WINNER

The only all-correct entry was sent by **AMARESH GURU (12)** of Raj Bora Sambar, Bargarh, Orissa.

QUIZ-8 :

1. It was the lost city of "Z" which Col. Fawcett and son Jack Fawcett wished to find out in 1925, which they never did.
2. An ancient medicine man of China, Shen Nong, categorised herbal medicines into two and called them 'Four spirits' and 'Five tastes.'
3. Marco Polo, the great Italian explorer, reacting to a question by a Christian priest who visited him on his deathbed in 1324, expressing doubts over his *Travels of Marco Polo*.
4. Satyendra Nath Bose.
5. It is a Jain temple in Chandni Chowk, in Delhi. It was once located in Urdu Bazaar. Hence the name.
6. The houses in Petli have no fences; the doors remain closed only at night; no crime has been reported for 25 years; untouchability is not practised; anybody can draw water from any one of the 20 wells in the village. **Note :** The village is in Anand district, Gujarat.
7. Pula is a ball made out of bamboo roots. It is hit with a cane stick which has a wooden head. This game later became Polo.
8. King Kanakasena of Kanchanpur and his prisoner Giridhar.
9. He sculpted a 24-link chain on a single tooth-pick.
10. The character is Yakka with a body like that of a woman and the face of a horse. From "*The boy who could see footsteps*" by Ruskin Bond.



WINNER

Four all-correct entries were received. The lot has fallen in favour of **VRINDA LATH (11)**, VPO Dhusara, Dt. Una, Himachal Pradesh.

CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-10

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All the questions are based on the contents of the issues of 2005.

What you should do: 1. Write down the answers; 2. Mention your name, age (you should be below 16), full postal address with PIN Code; 3. Mention your subscriber number, if you are a subscriber; 4. Write on the envelope **CHANDAMAMA QUIZ-10** with your complete address; 5. Mail your entry to reach us by October 31, 2006; 6. The results will be published in the December issue.

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ENTRY WILL
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* If there are more than one all-correct entry, a lot will be taken to decide the prizewinner. However, the names of all those who have sent all-correct entries will be published.

1. Aladdin of the world famous Arabian Nights stories was not an Arab boy. If so, where did he hail from?
2. What is the importance of Quwwat ul Islam, near Qutb Minar, in Delhi?
3. What achievement did Puja Bhangire make in 2004 when she was only 5 years old?
4. What is the common name for *Citrus sinensis* (fruit)?
5. An indulgent mother gave a lakh of rupees to her son for 'shopping'. This was some 200 years ago? Where did the young man spent all that money?
6. "I have to apologise to you that I am still among the living." This line appeared in a letter sent to a child in England from South Africa. Who sent the letter, to whom?
7. An Indian city witnesses 'kite-fights' every Sunday. Which city is this?
8. He stalked tigers for 35 years and then became a wildlife conservationist. Who was it?
9. Where is the language Algonquain spoken? Mention a word in the language which has become popular in English.

10. Can you identify the picture? Who are the two characters? From which story is this picture reproduced?





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MAHANTESH C. MORABAD

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THE SECRET OF SAVING PETROL



It was a peculiar car race organized by a car manufacturer. The contestants were required to drive the company's brand new car from the city railway station to the airport through a route of their choice. The winner was to be decided not on the basis of who would reach the final destination earlier, as is normally the case. Rather, the contest was to decide who would consume minimum petrol. Ram and Govind were the finalists. There was one main arterial road straight from the railway station to the airport. But one had to go past several traffic signals on the way. There were other alternate routes between the station and the airport through several winding lanes which could mean a shorter distance and avoiding of the traffic

signals. Govind, who was familiar with all short-cut routes, chose to drive through the lanes. Ram took the arterial road. As expected, Govind reached the destination earlier than Ram. However, to the surprise of all, Ram was declared the winner as he had consumed less petrol driving along a longer route.

Ram, while receiving the prize, explained: "A shorter route is not always good for saving petrol. Though Govind travelled a shorter distance, he had to take several turns in different alleys and lanes. Each time, he had to decelerate, apply brakes and clutch, and change gears which resulted in wastage of engine power and consumption of more petrol. On the other hand, I could drive at a uniform speed at top gear on the arterial road without having to apply clutch, brake or change gears often. At each signal, I simply switched off the engine instead of idling and wasting petrol. Hence, though it took more time for me, I could ultimately save more petrol."

Well! Ram's secret can be followed by other motorists as well! After all, it is good driving habits and the route chosen which determine the petrol consumption, with the other factors remaining the same.

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October 2006

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